

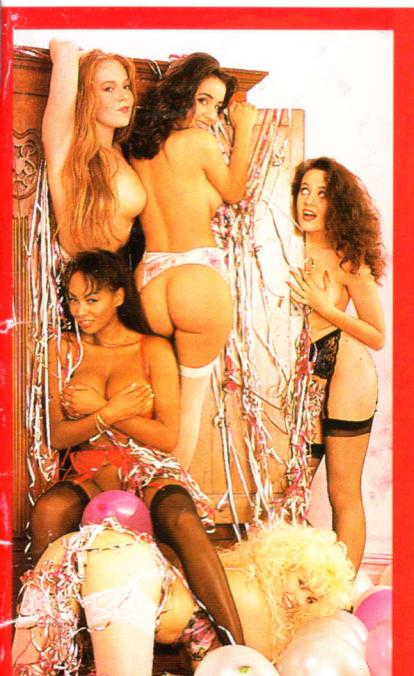
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VOLUME 58 NUMBER 13

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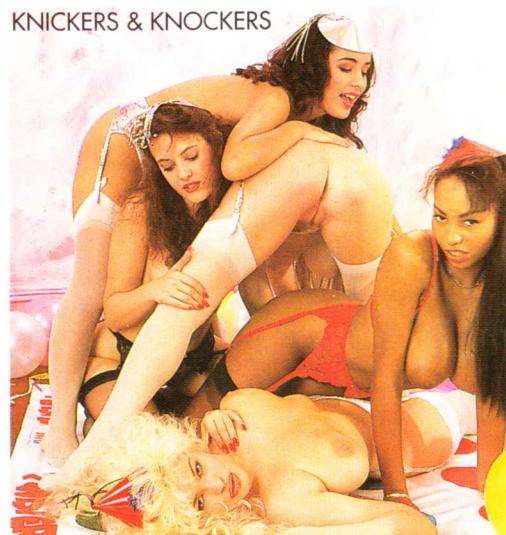
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This month's editorial is written by guest editor, Mr S. Claus of Greenland . . .

Let me begin by saying how terribly sorry I am that, due to unforeseen circumstances, Christmas has this year been cancelled. This will, I know, come as something of a blow to all of you who were pleasantly anticipating a Yuletide chock to the brim with untrammelled alcohol abuse, wild parties and getting off with that bird from accounts you've fancied for ages.

It has, to put it simply, not been a good year for the Christmas Industry. Market research has shown a steady growth in the incidences of children not believing in Father Christmas from a bearable 26% in 1992 to a frankly untenable 43% this year. Of the adolescents surveyed, 32% claimed Santa's ruddy complexion was a sure sign of overly high blood pressure, while a further 28% said that if any large bearded gentleman tried climbing down their chimney they'd break out the Uzi and pump him full of lead. Most disturbing, however, was the assertion of 38% of our survey that Santa Claus was in fact nothing more than a shoddy effort by Jeremy Beadle to make them look a prat on national TV. Frankly, I'm disillusioned.

And if that wasn't enough, the Elves have been bloody uppity all year, demanding increased pensions and national health contributions, and have mounted picket lines outside our Greenland plant. Add that to the hassle I've had from sodding Greenpeace demanding that Donner, Blitzen, Prancer, Dancer and Co. be the subject of a protection order and you'll understand why I feel like throwing in the beard.

Therefore, let me take this opportunity to announce that as from next year Christmas will be privatised. The terms offered by the newly-formed 'Xmas Inc PLC' are most favourable, even though there are some who might baulk at the £8.65 surcharge per prezzy and the proposed 'cracker tax' at £1.25 a bang. However, rest assured such monies will go to improving the Christmas service in coming years with radical new innovations and the replacement of the outmoded reindeer method of parcel delivery by a far more efficient service operated by 'John Selwyn-Gummer's Festive Funpak PLC' who'll see that everyone in the land receives their Xmas gift by, oh, May 16th at the latest.

Yours, contemplating getting pissed out of his mind in some sleazy whaling dive on Christmas Eve for once, Santa.

P.S. At last! I can finally say it... I fucking hate mince pies!!!

blah!

Feeling rude, rampant or raunchy? Why not write and share it with the rest of us. Letters to: The Editor, Men Only, P.R. Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

Muff Stuff!

Sir: I must tell you of my delight at the beautifully hairy pictures of Claire in Vol: 58, No: 10, especially the rear end shots on pages 16-17.

Recently I have come to love the modern fashion for shaving from clit to coccyx with a little tuft on the mons to add colour. The view of pouting lips and what lies within is most inviting and I have persuaded my



"At least something round here is well hung."

partner, a sparsely-haired girl, to adopt this style. It certainly improves our sex life, especially orally.

However, with a luxuriant bush like Claire's it would be a crime to cut even a whisker. Please let us see more of this model both full-frontal and rearful. Incidentally, is it just a shadow or has she really got hairy armpits? If so why not show them?

J.P.,
Halifax.

Hear, hear, J.P.! All of us up here couldn't agree more with you on the prickly question of genital hirsuteness versus rudey-bits depilation. Nothing beats a furry fanny as far as we're concerned and to that end we're instituting the Men Only 'Save The Beaver!' campaign, in which luxuriantly-

blah!

betwotted models will parade along Brewer St., naked from the waist down and mount pickets outside the premises of Gillette and Ladyshave (provided the pickets in question are compliant, of course). Even as we speak, our team are hard at work producing T-shirts boldly proclaiming 'Eat More Bearded Clam!' and firing off letters to their MP urging them to save Claire's fanny-fuzz for the nation or, failing that, for the drooling staff of popular male-orientated magazine publications - Ed.



"Oh no! It looks like I brought home the Bacon last night."

The Best Yet!

Sir: Having religiously collected your mag ever since the inimitable Gaynor Bell debuted in Vol: 49, No: 6, I have to write that Vol: 58, No: 10 must be your finest collection of lovelies to date.

Apart from the intoxicatingly horn-inducing shots of Claire (bottom p14), Rosie (bottom p34), Clare (bottom p49) and Kathryn (bottom p78), you appear to have discovered the two sexiest models ever, in Elizabeth and Sharlene.

Please, please confirm this isn't a one-off and that these two angelic gorgeobirds will feature frequently and prominently (i.e. covers and centre spreads) in many, many, many more future issues of Men Only.

What male couldn't be transfixed by Elizabeth's classic dark, sultry, pouting curves? And as for Sharlene, how can we go on without seeing her in a Joanie Allum centre spread, posing on a four-poster or brass bed, pulling black satin panties down over her stocking-tops?

M.G.
Teddington.

THE DONE THING the national fret

Attention Plebs! The Good Rev is readying his Xmas address to the nation and, rest assured, it's bad news for curvies, pervies and the Clergy!

**"For the winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins ."**

Swinburne

I've little doubt as to how the generality of true-born Englishmen will celebrate this Christmastide. Jerking off over the coded stories of lust and depraved sexuality contained in the memoirs of that vulgar grocer's daughter who dares to call herself 'Lady' Thatcher.

(It's the easiest of codes to break, just start at the first capital N and work through the book, discarding any letter that does not spell "Nothing like a six-minister lickety-split with butt plug to make one feel like a Prime Minister . . .")

Well that's alright for the masses, but for those of us born to rule, Christmas serves a different function. It is the time for reflection and contemplation. For sitting around the fire after a dozen bottles of champagne, two cases of Claret and the last of the '08 and asking oneself: "How the fuck am I ever going to get up?"

Or, more to the point: "what the bloody hell's happening to this once great nation of ours? Ye Gods", and so on.

HIC, HIC, HOORAY! I mean what is Britain today? It's like living in one of those shiny mail order catalogues with a smiling picture of the Managing Director, John something or other, who is pleased to inform the Reverend Jill Detoxification that he may well have won a plastic Japanese anal hair trimmer in the Grand draw.

That's Britain. No spunk, no balls, no ginger marks on its Y-fronts. No right, no wrong, no bloody ideal! And worst of all



no sense of sin, which takes the point out of tuppin altogether!

There are some older gentlemen who'll tell you it's been like this since they gave women the vote, and there's some truth in that. But there has always been a cause. Some pricks to kick against - the proletariat, the Nazis and, lately, the bloody commies and Co - Thatcher, Tebbit and that crew.

Then they give up on us, bunch of cowardly buggers!

Leave us like a desperate drunk whose been trying to break down a khazi door and finds all he had to do was turn the handle. And here we stand, brogues brimming with piss, daks full of darkies, wondering how we're going to get up. And, more to the point, what's happening to this once great nation of ours . . . hic.

EUNUCH EUNUCH . . . About as much use as a eunoch in a johnnie factory.

Nasty feeling when your life drops out of your bottom ain't it? I had a similar experience with a model the editor feller sent down for approval. She was an American trollop with simply enormous udders. Plenia Topbollocks, she was called, you may remember her in the magazine.

Well she wanted my pego between her bobbies, of

SAME OLD THING DAY AFTER DAY!

course, don't they all? And I obliged. There I was wrapped in warm folds of flesh, tuppin her tits like there was no Gomorrah when bang! Both silicone bags shot around to meet in the middle of her back and Uttoxeter was launched into space, to end up nose to anus with Lord Cardamon, who was gamahauching Lucia Labia (36-22-36).

(On a point of etiquette, a gentleman does not apologise when he finds his nose up the jaxy of a peer of the realm. He simply blames it on the dog. In my case on my Rottweiler, Gummer, who is very happy to oblige, having been trained to pornography in Los Angeles. You just say 'action' and he's at it straight away).

by tony husband

dial 'O' for orgasm



continued on page 30

WHO'S THERE? Where was I? Oh yes, the state of the nation. It's damnable, but nothing that cannot be cured by one big idea and the appropriate adjustment of our out-dated class system.

It wouldn't take a lot.

Just the summary execution of all politicians. And civil servants of course. Doctors, lawyers and bank managers too. In fact the whole middle class. The proletariat as well – it would be a kindness really, they don't find life worth living without jobs. Not to mention all the foreigners, which means anyone who lives outside Dorset, most of those who do and, in short, everyone but my family, my friends and all the farm workers who have tippable wives and daughters. It is the natural way. Prune the organism right back to its roots, the garden of Eden here in Dorset, and let's start from the beginning.

It'll mean non stop tutting for Buffy, Lord Cardamom and me, but when our country calls will we be found wanting?

A good question.

Alas I fear that when it comes to cunny we may rather be found not wanting, unless a rigid system of sexual morality is speedily introduced.

BALLS BACK . . . There was a time when a gentleman could achieve ecstasy at the sight of a lady's ankle, but the skirts went up and he had to see her knees, her thighs, her pubic hair until now we are not satisfied unless we have a glimpse of her IUD.

My great grandfather Gervaise 'cunstruck' Uttoxeter, journeyed to France in order to see a woman naked with the light on. Now naked women are two a penny (sorry three, inflation has struck as I write). Indeed I strongly suspect that all women are actually naked under their clothes, even Her Maj the Q!

So common is female nudity that the experienced pego sticks its head out of its gusset, murmurs 'seen it' and goes back to sleep. Alas I am not now engorged by mere female nudity, but require more and more extremities of pose, and cannot really guarantee arousal unless she be wrapping her cunny around a vegetable marrow. And that, I fear, is only a reflection of my partiality for that vegetable.

Where once a tupp was the most sought after of experiences, we now require three women at a time, with plenty of added muff diving and labia licking.

And so it goes on. Seducing a man's wife was once so wicked it was likely to explode your cods. Now men thrust

gotcha

20 things to do with all those wooden bridges you'll get this Christmas, including five exciting ways to remove splinters from the female buttock (34C-22-36).





the paparazzi, that dedicated band of howling mad news hounds who jet around the world training their long lenses on celebrity tits, have descended on a group of small islands off the Thai coast where, they have it on good authority, a rather famous evangelist keeps his mistress. Although why anyone would keep a girl in a treehouse at a distance of 3000 miles, which is out of range of even the most miraculous pork torpedo, God only knows. The net result of all this sneaking about with their lenses sticking out of their flies is a whole bunch of pictures of nude women who are not remotely connected to anyone famous, just happen to be there on holiday and are keeping the photographer interested while their boyfriends sneak up behind him and belt him over the head with a cup of water and a rolled up copy of the Sun. Come into our hands as they say (no, not you, thank you very much). And we are proud to publish them here to demonstrate that a naked tourist doing her aerobics on a wooden bridge is good to look at even if she isn't living with anyone famous. **ME**





continued from page 5

their wives on you to tuck while they watch. No longer would a nobleman exchange his entire fortune for a night with a hussy. Now he requires an entire convent clad in rubber wimples to lay end to end for only fifty quid.

PLEASE! Where will it end, that's what I want to know? It's having a terrible effect on the women. They're blowing up their bubbles to zeppelin proportions, wriggling their bums until their knickers catch fire trying to get some male attention, but we just yawn and open another bottle.

I fear they're getting desperate, only last week I had to warn Damson

Pizzlejigger off my land for bothering Big Business, my prize bull. I fear that, if it were known what the dog Gummer would do if he heard the word

dial 'O' for orgasm



'Action', they'd wear the poor beast to a stub.

Only last Christmas, stung by the lack of response to her exotic candle dance, one of

the poor girls lost her temper and attacked the crowd with her lubricated waxen object.

Where's the morality in that?

Rev. Giles Uttoxeter

by tony husband

WINE WOMEN AND LUNCH

the puddin' club

Wizard of the mistletoe, Mordred Gummer enjoys festive frolics in various dingy pubs (which we suspect to be little more than a ruse to get into Jane's knickers . . .).

I saw the first Christmas lunch advertised on September 30, at a pub in Surrey: "turkey with all the trimmings, Christmas crackers and plum puddings." Some people grumble about Christmas lunches being served so early in the year, but not me. As far as I'm concerned, Christmas lunches can be served in January, and all

through the year, because Christmas lunches are the very best time to eat well and drink well and Get One's End Away.

I once knew a girl called Titty (her parents had both adored *Swallows and Amazons*). Titty's idea of a Christmas lunch was to hold a sprig of mistletoe over her boyfriend's cock while she gave him a blow-job. But even for those of us who are primmer and more proper than like what Titty was, "Christmas lunch" still has connotations of hanky-panky with secretaries, and goosing all of those aggressive short-skirted ladies in PR and marketing, and French-kissing the chairman's 58-year-old wife and then rushing to the Gents and gargling with Toilet Duck.

BULGING SACKS

Christmas lunches, however, are not what they were, back in the

boom days of the 1980s. I talked to a pal of mine at Young's, the public house people, and he told me that Christmas bookings were almost 25 percent down on 1989, and that firms preferred to give their staff a small cash bonus (or even the sack), rather than take them out for one of those traditional Christmas celebrations, during which reputations and marriages were often wrecked, and virginities lost, and reputations sullied – all at the company's expense.

Personally, I think that's a terrible pity. Every work place has its sexual tensions, and the firm's Christmas lunch has always been the traditional time for unloading them. Bob in sales can grope the breasts of Tina in typing; and Gertrude in dispatch can hoick up her skirt and tug down her tights and push her impressively hairy minge right into the face of Alan (from accounts).

I remember being invited three years ago to the gourmet Christmas lunch provided by a well-known chemicals conglomerate. There was wild smoked salmon to start with, gooseberry sorbet, turkey-with-all-the-whosinames, Christmas pudding, mince pies and clotted cream. The wines were impeccable.

An excellent German Riesling with the smoked salmon, a Cantenac with the turkey, and a sweet Saumur with the mince pies. However, few of the staff were used to such culinary or vinous excellence, with the result that they ended up not so much pissed as extravagantly cheerful.

FT BONUS

Leaving a little early, I walked into the office reserved for coats, to discover a huge-breasted blonde secretary crouched on a desk, her dress lifted over her hips, her transparent black panties around her knees, while a bald dinner-jacketed sales executive pushed a tightly rolled-up copy of yesterday's FT in and out of her pussy.

There's something about Christmas lunch, however, that sets every young girl's heart beating, and moistens the gusset of her panties (unless, that is, she's fitted herself out with one of those abominable party pads.) Even in April, it makes her feel if she's celebrating, as if something special is in the air, as if Santa's coming down the chimney with a sack of Me Softee vibrators and a Joni's Butterfly.

So this year, I took the lovely Jane around with me to half-a-dozen pubs and restaurants for a very early Christmas lunch, to find which turned her on the most. The result was: some surprisingly entertaining times, some very good bargains



continued on page 16



photographs by michael anchor



natasha

MEN ONLY 11





If there's one thing guaranteed to give a man acute strangulation of the tripes it's getting drawn into conversation with one of those white-toothed buggers who just have to tell you about this swimming pool they've had installed.

You know the type - barge into you sending your pint to the four winds and say: "Sorry, I haven't got my sea legs back after a whole weekend in the POOL. And then bring out the photographs to prove it - swimming pool owners keep snaps of their ponds in that space in the wallet where the money used to be.

And you look at them and say: "Very nice." (Don't ask me why, if ever a situation called for a smack in the gob this is it, but, being British we simply look and admire.)

And then listen to the long list of smuggerity about how much it cost and how he's had every tree for twenty miles cut down to stop the filter clogging, and how he's had to install a small power station to heat the bloody thing.

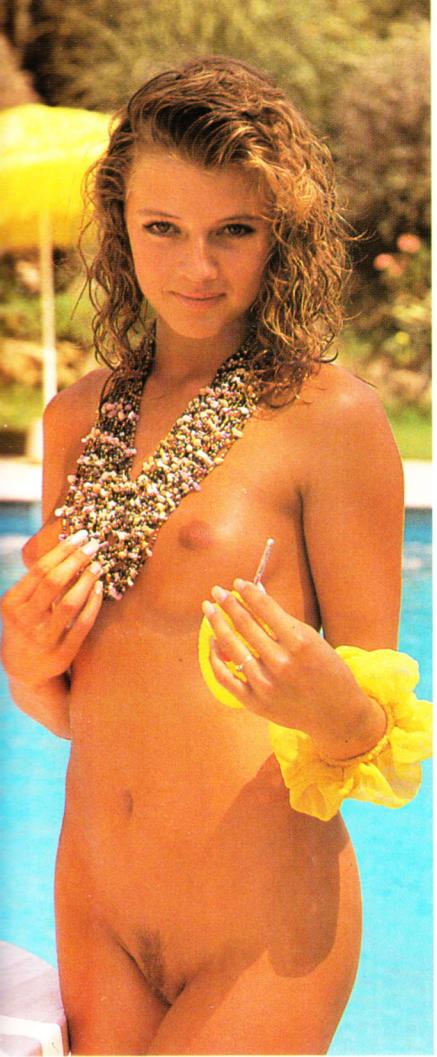
And the wife/girlfriend of wotsisname says: "We don't have a pool yet, but we're having one next spring, aren't we Hereward."

And you say: "Who the hell's Hereward?", feeling your wallet tighten with anxiety.

If you've ever had these distressing symptoms, relax. The fact is that these tanned-faced buggers don't have a pool at all, they just carry the photos (which makes sense seeing as in Britain you only use a pool twice a year).

So we've gone one better. Our pictures include bubbly young Natasha from South Norwood, draping herself around the edge of someone else's pool, looking very 34B-22-36.

We carry them around at all times, using them as a counter attack against the swimming pools, presenting her as the very latest in in-pool entertainment (34C-22-36, with erect nipples).





FESTIVE PARTY CRASH GUIDE

Whose Christmas party is worth gate-crashing? What should you take and what can you expect when you get there? FLOYD GREASMANNE reports.

ALAN SUGAR's seasonal bash will be held at the Tottenham Hotspur Supporters Club.

Guest list: A glittering array of all Alan's friends in football.

Numbers present: 1

What to wear: Jellied eels.

What to take: An Argentinian newspaper. Give Ozzie something to read while he's waiting for Alan to turn up.

What not to take: That Amstrad manual you've always wanted someone to explain to you.

How to gatecrash: Dress up as Terry Venables – the gates crash just as well when they throw you out of the party.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK will once again be entertaining at home, i.e. anywhere far from Britain.

Guest List: Anyone over a size 14. **Numbers:** With plenty of zeroes on the end. And make it open to cash, okay?

What To Wear: Ski-wear, a novelty condom, a stetson.

What To Take: The silverware.

What Not To Take: A long-lens camera, Athletes Foot powder.

How To Gatecrash: Claim to be from 'Hello' magazine.

MICK JAGGER will be spending a traditional English Christmas in Richmond, enjoying the view over the Thames and getting shorter all the time.

Guest list: Denis Compton, Charles Dickens, Sir Harold Wilson, Barbara Cartland, Sir Stanley Mathews, John Major, Queen Victoria – the usual gamut of glittering stars of stage, screen and yesterday.

Numbers present: Jumpin' Jack Flash, Little Red Rooster, all the old crap.

What to wear: A Zimmer frame.

What to take: A pint of Wincarnis. 1898 copy of Wisden.

What not to take: Bianca.

How to gatecrash: Go as a Strippa-gran.

BORIS YELTSIN has announced he intends to spend his Yuletide in his dacha surrounded by the traditional festive items: tinsel, mistletoe, a crack regiment of airborne assault troops etc.

Guest List: Any Russian with a few roubles to rub together.

Numbers Present: 0. **What To Wear:** A gloomy expression.

What To Take: A crate of Smirnoff and a camshaft for the Lada Riva.

What Not To Take: a copy of Das Kapital.

How To Gatecrash: "I'm from a major Western property company. There's a large white building in central Moscow we're interested in . . ."

NORMAN LAMONT will party in Haiti this year, the convivial ex Chancer of the Exchequer intends to boogie to the rhythm and put pins into a model of John Major.

Guest list: Baron Samedi, Boris Karloff and other zombies, as well as some ministers no longer in the cabinet.

Numbers present: 13

What to wear: A bottle of cheap red wine and a packet of Raffles.

What to take: Lots of pins.

What not to take: A blind bit of notice of any advice your host gives you on financial matters.

How to gatecrash: Go as a model of John Major.

FRANK BRUNO will be working over Christmas, making his comeback playing the leading role in Snow White.

Guest list: Grumpy, Dopey, Dozy and Micky Duff.

Numbers present: Eight-ah, nine-ah, ten-ah, out!

What to wear: 250 gm of St Bruno ready rubbed.

What to take: Plenty of punishment.

What not to take: A copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

How to gatecrash: Don't!

MICHAEL ATHERTON will be seeing in Christmas in the company of the rest of the MCC touring party at the St Kitts and Nevis district casualty ward, West Indies . . .

Guest List: 'Tuffers', 'Hickey', 'Smithy', 'Gatts' – anyone skilled in reconstructive surgery.

Numbers Present: 85 all out (Hick, rtd hurt, 0).

What To Wear: Your BUPA membership card.

What To Take: Evasive action.

What Not To Take: Quick singles off Curtley Ambrose's bowling.

How To Gatecrash: Dress up as Mother Teresa.

NAOMI CAMPBELL's Christmas party'll take place somewhere you don't know about, matey!

Guest List: Jean-Paul, Christine, Yves, Karl, Kate, Claudia, every anorexic fag-hag and screaming queen in the known universe.

Numbers Present: 32A-21-31, U2.

What To Wear: Oh, something you just threw together at the last minute, don't you know.

What To Take: Earplugs.

What Not To Take: Pictures.

How To Gatecrash: Wrap yourself in some curtains and paint your head purple. No one'll notice.

continued from page 9



(despite the recession) and the pleasurable expenditure of quite a lot of sperm – most of it in Jane's minge.

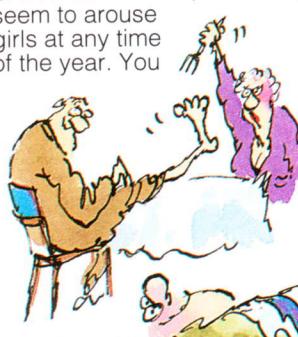
SWEATY BRIEFS

As any fule kno (to quote Nigel Molesworth), magazine articles have to be written months and months ahead of publication. This is because there are hardly any editors left who can read without moving their lips, and proof copies of all dirty magazines have to be sent to lawyers none of whom can read at all, but who spend six weeks furiously wanking over them before sending them back, marked "okay, brill, hope you can prize the pages apart."

This time-delay means that I have to research picnics when the snow is 98 feet deep and nobody could go out for a picnic unless they had teams of huskies and five layers of thermal underwear.

THOROUGH STUFFING

Christmas lunches, however, seem to arouse girls at any time of the year. You



don't have to spend a lot of money on them. It's the surprise of being fed on turkey and stuffing and chipolatas in the middle of August that turns them on.

The earliest Christmas lunch I could find was at The Rubbing House Pub, on Epsom Downs, Surrey. I never did find out why it was called The Rubbing house but I hoped and prayed it had nothing to do with m***urbation. It's a tatty old building, but warm and friendly, and its views across the Derby racehorse are unparalleled. Those who visit Epsom only on Derby Day will find it surprisingly close to the metropolis – not more than 20 minutes down the A3, turn left at Tolworth Tower, turn left at Seymour's Garden Centre, turn right toward Tadworth, keep on going past Epsom College and you're there.

LARGE PORTIONS

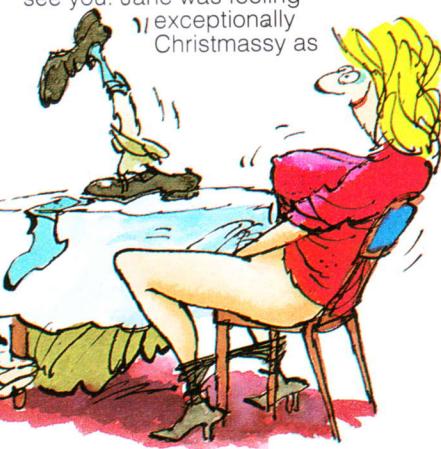
The pub is currently run by Bob and Bernie, who between them contrive to give their

customers all the best of a good, straightforward local, combined with a cheap, attractive and comprehensive menu. Bob looks like the long-lost Mitchell triplet from East Enders, but he's a good natured soul, and his Northern-Irish wife, Bernie, is a cracker.

For not much more than a fiver a head, The Rubbing House fed us with thick slices of turkey, ham, stuffing, roast potatoes, peas and carrots – with a pint of cold London Pride to swill it all down with. Bernie will never make the Guide Michelin, but their Christmas lunch not only gave us that grossly distended feeling that you ought to have after a decent Christmas Lunch, but it put Jane into a particularly festive mood.

HUGE DUMPLINGS

There's an interesting little corner in The Rubbing House, rather like one of those curved old-fashioned shop windows, where you can sit and look out over the Derby racecourse and the new Queen's stand as plainly as if you were sitting outside . . . but in which nobody else in the pub can see you. Jane was feeling exceptionally Christmassy as



we sat in this niche enjoying our mince pies. She snuggled up close to me, her immense red-besweated knockers squashed up against my arm, and managed to slip her hand into my pocket.

While we watched strings of magnificent racehorses cantering across the gallops, and the afternoon sunlight gilding the distant hills of Surrey and Hampshire, Jane slowly rubbed my stonker until it was the size of a winning-post. Then, just as I was right on the verge, she tugged down my zip, whipped out my whopper, and directed my double helping of Christmas cream all over her plateful of pies. Oh, yummy, yummy.

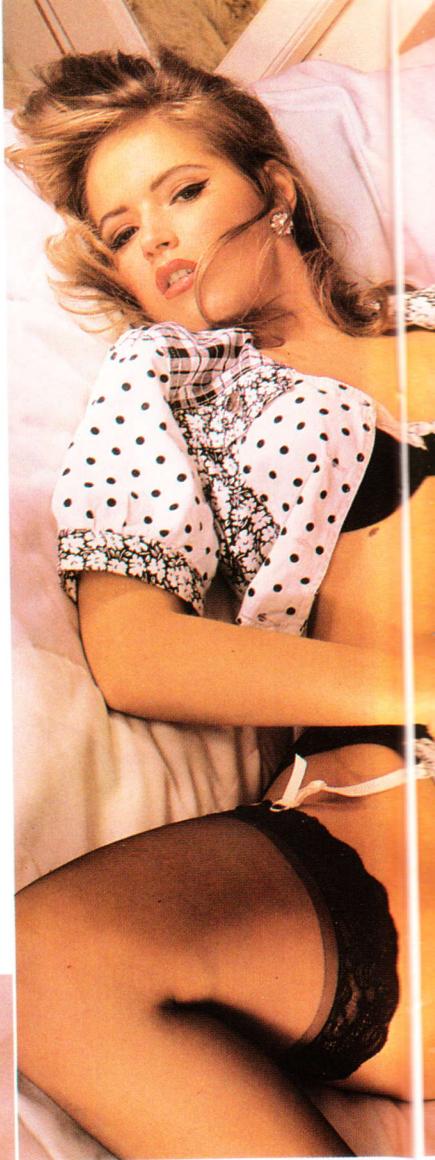
Christmas may only come once a year, but you can come every time you treat the lady in your life to a Christmas lunch. Not just once, but again and again. Stuffing, anyone? Mordred Gummer



Locana



photographs by joanie allum





there are some models who live a life of luxury, country house parties, holidays in California and rich boyfriends. There are others who share small flats with more girls than you can count on the fingers of one Cadbury's fudge factory, who hesitate before inviting you in, mainly because you can't actually get into their rooms without wading through the three-foot drift of knickers (36 - 24 - 36). And heaps of bras (D-cup of course). If you want to date models it's as well to be over 5ft tall, or wear stilts. But when they all work for banks, you're in deep trouble. It's surprising how many new models do, or have worked, for the major clearing banks. If you've ever wondered what the smart young lady who sits behind the bullet-proof glass telling you your overdraft has





been called in looks like without her clothes off, cheque out Joanna here. She used to work for the Nat West Bonk, before it started closing all the branches you can actually get to, and she kept the most immaculate deposit box you could wish for as you can see. Her friends still work there, so you can't show your face in her North London flat without every girl in the place taking off her glasses, letting her hair down and looking absolutely stunning. Or as stunning as it's possible to look up to your knees in knickers – if you're not returning someone's cheque of course. We're on the bonk network, men, so you can look forward to some staggering figures. And it's not just the tellers. Look out for our 'spot the redundant bank manageress, starting next month). 

QUIZZLE

tv or not tv?

Square eyes? Lumpy balls? Whirling buttock fever? If you find yourself aroused every time Mr Blobby turns up on TV, you need treatment.

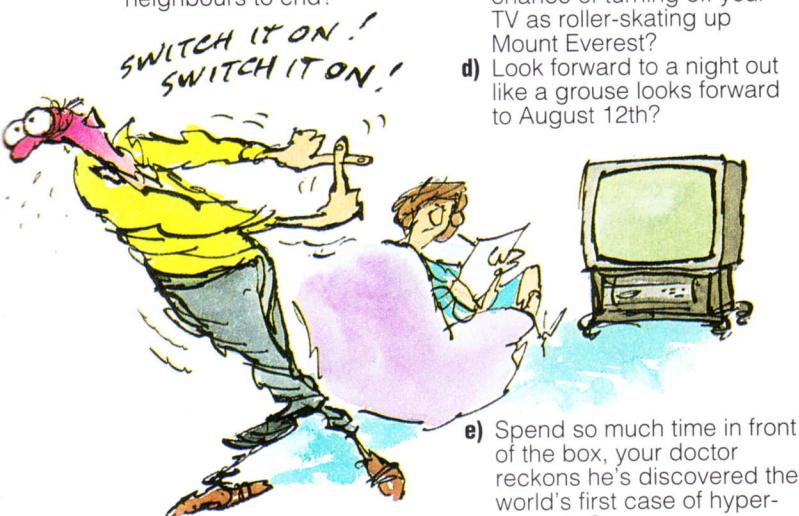
Otherwise, read this quizzle.

1. Do you . . .

- a) Know not only what paper Del Trotter takes, but whose letter box he takes it from?
- b) Only need to hear the opening bars of Loony Toons to be instantly stirred to inaction?
- c) Think that if watching TV ever becomes an Olympic sport, you'd be hot favourite for a viewathon?
- d) React to blank TV screens in much the same way that Dracula reacts to sunlight? Need to undergo grief counselling after a cancelled episode of cheers?

2. Do you find the most puzzling thing about TV to be . . .

- a) What Americans made programmes about before private detectives were invented?
- b) Why a minute lasts so long when you're waiting for neighbours to end?



- c) Why people take sleeping tablets when they can watch Melvyn Bragg?
- d) Why all Channel 4 programmes seem to have been made for someone else to watch?
- e) How, with the devastating power and accuracy of modern firearms, Jeremy Beadle has managed to survive so long?

3. It is 7.30 p.m., and a heated dispute has broken out in your household over which TV programme to have on. You want to watch Coronation Street, but you also want to watch the sitcom on B.B.C.1, B.B.C.2's nature documentary, the

Channel-4 current affairs programme, and a couple of films and a football match on satellite TV. Do you . . .

- a) Pop around to your neighbours, and try to borrow half a dozen spare sets?
- b) Pick up the phone and put your personal battalion of full-time video recorder operatives on red alert?
- c) Send yourself to bed until one of you comes to your senses?
- d) Put out a contract on the British Institute of TV Programmes Schedulers?
- e) Not think you should be getting out more?

4. Do you . . .

- a) Get your TV licence on prescription?
- b) Think you'd have to be treated for shock if someone told you your TV set had four sides?
- c) Stand about as much chance of turning off your TV as roller-skating up Mount Everest?
- d) Look forward to a night out like a grouch looks forward to August 12th?

- e) Spend so much time in front of the box, your doctor reckons he's discovered the world's first case of hyper-inactivity?

5. Is your . . .

- a) Motto, "Tired of Albert Square, tired of life"?
- b) Bottom the recipient of awards for remaining motionless on a settee for prolonged periods?
- c) TV off switch used less than the buttons on a flasher's raincoat?
- d) Knowledge of TV soaps deeper than the froth on a Rover's Return pint?
- e) TV set as necessary as a fan at a curry addicts' convention?

6. Is your average proximity to a TV set . . .

- a) So small it would suffocate

a stick insect?

- b) Narrower than a TV film censor's mind?
- c) About the distance an asthmatic snail travels in 2.3 seconds against a 85mph headwind?
- d) Impossible to quantify without a magnifying glass and a micrometer?
- e) The reason you have to eat Chinese food with sawn-off chopsticks?

7. Having skipped work to be sure you're home in time for Friday evening's TV programmes, you're just settling down to your favourite show when the door bell rings. Do you . . .

- a) Thank God you've remembered to wire it up to the tray of semtex under your doormat?
- b) Fail to hear the bell through the layers of dust which have built up on what used to be your body?
- c) Ask the caller in to hang on a moment – say, until Monday morning?
- d) Hope it's just a burglar?
- e) Invite the caller in for tea

and a slice of the cake you've made from previous visitors who've dared to call at this hour?

8. Is your TV set on . . .

- a) Slightly more often than always?
- b) Schedule for melt-down by the end of the week, again?
- c) A little wooden cart which you drag round with you everywhere you go?
- d) Top of a list of personal priorities which includes food, hygiene, sex and your entire central nervous system?
- e) H.P.?

9. Do you stop watching TV only to . . .

- a) Blink?
- b) See Halley's Comet go by?
- c) Let the manager of your local branch of Curry's clean his shop window?
- d) Avoid a major nuclear conflagration, or Des O'Connor Show?
- e) Feed the emergency TV repairman chained to the side of your set?

B R R M - B R R M !

On the prowl

... Or the return of the cars with enough space for shagging! Yep, the bloody big American car is back. By Mortimer Wheeltrim.

As befits the world's biggest manufacturing outfit, the global motor industry is in Big Trouble. Actually, it's worse than that: when they were last spotted they were so far beyond Big Trouble that the light from Big Trouble was reckoned to take 10 years or more to reach where they've ended up.

The problem is simple – no-one's buying what they're building and they're going broke. Breaking even would be a bonus, but just now even that's looking unlikely. Last year they took comfort from the recession, assuming that their low sales were simply due to nobody having any spare cash and that in time things would get better. This year, however, the early-morning alarm call sounded and they woke up to find that, actually, it's because they've completely lost direction and most of their cars are boring.

TOP WHACKERS

Let's face it, it must have seemed a lot easier in the old days. Back then if you wanted to make a better car, you just designed a faster one. But now, when even an Escort can top 150mph, loading on the speed is clearly no longer such a simple or sensible option. Neither is upping the specification, not at a time when even the likes of

and the rest of it. No, the simple fact is, cars these days are too bloody similar: they're all fast, all reliable and well-equipped, and, worst of all, they all look too much alike.

It was, you might say, bound to happen. Ask a super-computer to design your car, and it will almost certainly come up with something the same as your rival's super-computer down the road. Same dimensions, same interior space, same drag coefficient, same everything. That's why, at 200 yards, most of us can't tell a jelly mould Carina from a Cavalier, a Mazda 626 from a Mondeo, or a Punto from an Ibiza.

The manufacturers all know this of course, that's why they employ teams of designers who try to get around it by 'personalising' the basic shape. Trouble is, just as the super-computers were all built by Cray, so the boys in bright ties and red specs went to the same handful of highly specialised automotive design schools. There they sit through the same lessons and they all come up with the same

Ideas. Ideas.





10. Would you only consider giving up your TV set if . . .

- a) You had a complete personality transplant?
- b) You were heavily sedated and strapped down with World War Two tank chains?
- c) Human civilisation as we know it, or Coronation Street, came to an end?
- d) Your doctor promised that the major surgery necessary to detach you

like sticking a fake chrome radiator on the front of a Rover 600 to stop it looking like a Honda Accord.

WOT KNACKERS!

Did that fool you? No, it didn't fool me either. In fact, it fooled nobody out here in the real world.

To be fair, some are trying quite hard. Forget 'any colour you like, so long as it's black'. These days they are desperate, desperate enough to give you whatever you like, just so long as you buy the bloody thing.

That's where the Plymouth Prowler comes in. Plymouth, part of auto giant Chrysler, built it to show the world just how creative the big boys can be when they want to be. Originally it was intended to be just a one-off show car, but it caused such a storm that it's now being tipped for production and could hit the road as early as '96. And let's be honest, practical or not, wouldn't you sooner pilot this down the

form the screen wouldn't hurt?

- e) They put Noel Edmonds on 24 hours a day?

11. Do you find the second most puzzling thing about TV to be . . .

- a) Why they call the B.B.C. the British Broadcasting Corporation when 80% of its programmes are from Australia and America?
- b) Why popular programmes are always watched by so many people?
- c) Where Bugs Bunny's sex drive has gone?
- d) Why TV programmes always seem to be just the right size for your TV set?
- e) Why you don't see a good Australian programme for months, then suddenly one comes along all at once?

12. Your first adventurous attempt to cook something other than a TV dinner goes slightly wrong, and you set fire to the house. Do you rescue . . .

- a) The TV set in the living-room?
- b) The TV set in the cupboard

strip than any number of slippery-samey Euro-coupes?

HOT CRACKERS

Plymouth say it's built around stock components (while admitting that most of the bits you can actually see are anything but standard). They say it could be put into production quite easily because the engine's a stock unit from the LH saloon, much of the interior's from the Neon, and the stylish black-on-white instruments are from the equally funky Viper roadster. The bodyshell, however, is from a different place altogether – America's heritage years (60 years and more of salt-flat lake-racers, street rods and l'il deuce coupes). Crying out for a quick squirt down the Pacific Coast Highway, the bodyshell is, quite simply, the business.

in the dining-room?

- c) The TV set on the TV set under the TV set over the TV set in the TV set room?
- d) The TV set between the TV set in the pantry and the TV set in the loft, before you reach the TV set in the shoe cupboard, but just down from the TV sets in the hat stand, the dog basket and the remote-control unit rack?
- e) The industrial skip containing all your highly valuable TV set insurance policies?

How did you score?

a.10 b.1 c.15 d.0 e.20

0-1 You go round enjoying the sights and sounds of the great outdoors when you could be struck inside, glued to a television set all day. What is it with you – are you . . . normal or something, or have you got haemorrhoids?

2-48 You should apply to go on a TV quiz show. As a booby prize.

50-90 Basically, your problem

is that you've been trying to do this quiz with one eye on the television, one eye on the video recorder, and one eye on the questions. Brave, but arithmetically out to lunch.

91-105 Your score and coincidentally, the length of time it takes to write a typical Australian soap opera (in seconds).

106-150 If it's true that a television viewer's mentality is affected by the kind of programmes he watches you've been doing a pretty good job of missing Mastermind every week. Dim, but fortunate.

151-180 Oh, dear. Those fixed, unblinking eyes; that pulsating, jellyfish-like hand; the buttocks which haven't seen daylight for months: you're exhibiting all the signs of a chronic television addict, and urgently in need of something which will shock you out of turning on a TV set ever again. Try watching Brookside.

181-200 The size of the typical satellite-TV audience, and their aggregate I.Q. level.

the Prowler's clearly pretty quick. 135mph? 140mph? Plymouth aren't saying, but then they probably don't know either. After all, when you've only built the one – and one-off concept cars are seriously expensive – you're hardly going to let some hot-head floor the throttle and bury the needle, are you?

The solution, of course, is to build some more and test them. If they can build such a car at a profit, and they reckon they can, then this has to be the way. Japan has already taken a step in the right direction – Nissan's Pike and Mazda's M2 studios already design distinctive, niche-filling models which they build in small numbers to appeal to particular fashions – Europe and America simply have to follow. So wave goodbye to the jelly mould, and a good job too.







denise





there's an Olde Englishe saying that goes something like, "A fair maiden's arse a-bobbing in the sun; surely ye knows the shepherd's having fun." Or something like that anyway – the deputy Ed assures us they say nothing else in his neck of the woods, usually after imbibing enough scrumpy to perfectly preserve a rhinoceros and ogling the tavern barmaid's bristols as they float along the cider-sodden bartop long enough to give them eye-strain and severe constriction in the lower smock area as well as filling their heads with dreams of the old roly-poly in the hay barn later. Denise knows all about the ways of the country, being brought up in an idyllic backwater of England



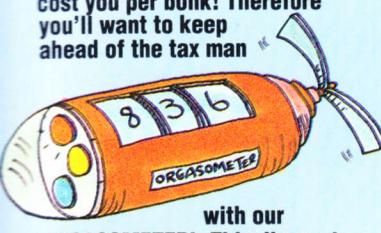


where time stands still for the chiming of the church bells and tranquility is all, save for the lusty cries of the village smithy engaging in strenuous three-way nookie with the woman who runs the grocers and the verger's wife. Not that Denise is your wide-eyed naive country lass: sheltered her upbringing might have been, but certainly not her attitudes – well, with all that long-eared corn and secluded woods, what do you expect? All the young people go on nature rambles? Of course not. When you're sweet, beguiling and a perfectly-formed 34B-21-32 like what Denise is, you naturally follow the conventional rural pursuits such as basketweaving, lupin-looping and, erm, jumping on the odd shepherd and bonking the bugger senseless. 

ORGASMS-R-US!!!!

Had enough of glossy Xmas brochure crap? Bored nutless by socks, ties and scrotal sac warmers? This year's festive trouser fillers from Orgasms-R-Us could enhance, stimulate and completely bugger up whatever sex life you have left after the office party!

• You may not know it, but in March '94 Kenneth Clarke intends to introduce a controversial new tax on nookie. The more you earn the more it'll cost you per bonk! Therefore you'll want to keep ahead of the tax man



with our 'ORGASOMETER'. This discreet device is crafted in 100% genuine luxury-feel vulvalex, hand-stitched from the scrotal sacs of the rare Colby mole (7" long by 3" round) and inserts handily into the rectum during intercourse to keep an up-to-the-minute record of all sexual acts over a twelve-month period from each April. EXTRA BONUS!!! Each Orgasometer comes fitted with the revolutionary 'PREM DETECTOR' – this masterpiece of Japanese technology works on the tremulations of the prostate to provide advance warnings of unforeseen sputrage. Plays Sam & Dave's 'Hold On I'm Coming'. RRP: £79.99 (with PREM-DETECTOR) £199.95

• We all know the scenario – a candlelit dinner for two, soft lights and music, the rustle of silken underwear

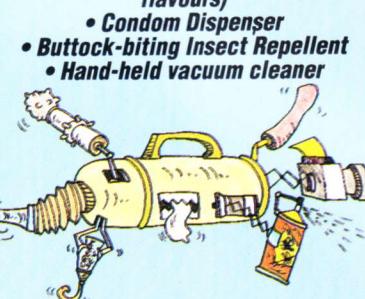


falling to the shaggitte and then . . . "Darling, would you, erm, lick it for me?" Yes, the lady demands cunnilingus and won't take no for an answer. Panic grips the vitals, the mind races and you frantically try and remember that article you read once in *Cosmopolitan* . . . Yes, clitoris-location is a must for any modern-day Casanova, which is why we have developed the incredible CLIT-FINDER. Cunningly disguised as a discreet foldaway pocket vibrator in hand-

brushed satin alloy. The Clit-Finder in fact emits beams of sonar wave energy into the soft folds of your partner's parts, waves that are beamed back to the hi-tech receiving device located under the bed. Plays theme from 'Button Moon'. RRP: 54 guineas (with g-spot location unit, £150.00).

- The Great Outdoors . . . the invigorating clean air! The stimulating aroma of Chlorophyll! The joy of getting one's end away in the long grass!!! Now you can bring variety and spice to your outdoor adventures with the amazing SWEDISH CARNAL KIT (or 'Indembushesfukkenkløbba'). Its innocent-looking thermos flask design hides a multitude of devious appliances, including:

- Multi-Speed Vibrator (with whirling attachments)
- Lubricating Joy Jelly (in lemon, strawberry and Kendal mint cake – for that really strenuous hike! flavours)
- Condom Dispenser
- Buttock-biting Insect Repellent
- Hand-held vacuum cleaner

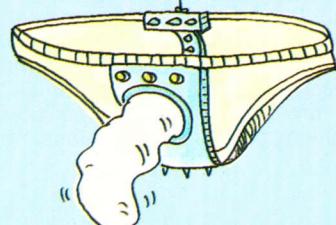


(removes sand from foreskin)

- Built-in Polaroid camera
- Twirling Anal Probe

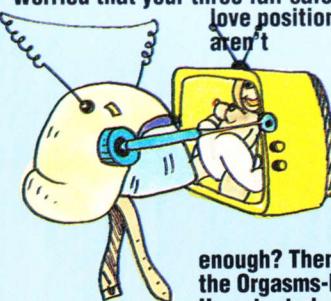
Say goodbye to boring Sunday afternoon rambles in the woods and hello to Scandinavian-style arboreal frolics!!! RRP: £49.99 (available in a wide range of tartans to suit the hiking shirt of your choice). Recommended by leading members of the judiciary everywhere!!! Plays theme from 'Born Free' or 'High Sierra'.

• We've put a man on the moon, invented computers that can flummox chess grandmasters, but still mankind hasn't figured out a convenient means of putting on a condom. CONDOMPANTS is an ingenious Czech creation that uses former Soviet-bloc missile technology to enable you to become as rampant as you wish without having that excruciating ten-minute delay while you try get the damn thing on. Worn like conventional underwear, a discreet microcomputer is fitted within



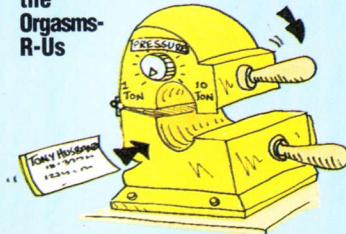
the Condompant carefully gauges fluctuations in penile organ dimension. A tiny Semtex charge is detonated and the Condompant erupts, moulding itself securely to one's penis while activating a built-in flashlight to enable the wearer to operate in low-light situations such as behind filing cabinets. Fully waterproofed. RRP: £14.99 per pack of six (for Knobbed/Wet-Look/Mr Blobby' add £5.49).

- Nookie variation a problem? Worried that your three fail-safe love positions aren't



enough? Then the Orgasms-R-Us patented KAMA SUTRA VIDEO DISPLAY UNIT could be for you! When worn during coitus, this discreet headgear presents the wearer at all times with a wide-ranging choice of positions. Microchip technology instantly takes into account your angle of penetration, buttock thrust rate and intensity of female response to flash up suggested positions (with diagrams) that will heighten and enhance your sexual ecstasy. RRP: £999.99. Plays theme from 'Thunderball'.

- So you think you're the man who has. How many times has the lady-love of your life whipped down your handsomely monogrammed silk boxers to examine your todger only to find it looks remarkably similar to every other member of the rugby club? Yes, in a world where individualism is increasingly important you cannot afford to be without the Orgasms-R-Us



astounding COCK-BLOCK! This discreet device gently wraps around your part and using its incredible 2000 volt ionized four-character nodes, leaves up to eight letters of your choice etched upon your length in 21-carat gold leaf. Let your women know you're coming!!! Only £249.99 (plugs into portable generator measuring 6'x4'x3'). Plays theme from 'Rawhide'.

blah!

continued from page 4

Making It Meat!

Sir: Life's hard for students today, you know, and when I got into serious debt a year or so ago, I tried all sorts of jobs until I discovered stripping. It took all the courage I had to do it the first time – in a pub in the East End, the other side of London from where I'm in college and safely far from anyone I knew! But the punters seemed to like the sight of me dancing around in just a black suspender belt and stockings, giving them what the bloke who gave me the job said it was all about: "a good view of your pussy and arse." Well, they had good value – I'm young (now 22),



"Guess what . . . He managed an erection! So I'm keeping it in the freezer"

genuinely blonde and I've got a 36-25-37 figure which usually gets me noticed, even when I'm wearing my usual jeans and T-shirts. The stripping that first night made me quite horny and I must have surprised my boyfriend at the time (a doped-up post-grad) when I insisted on fucking half the night. He was hardly up to it, the poor lad . . .

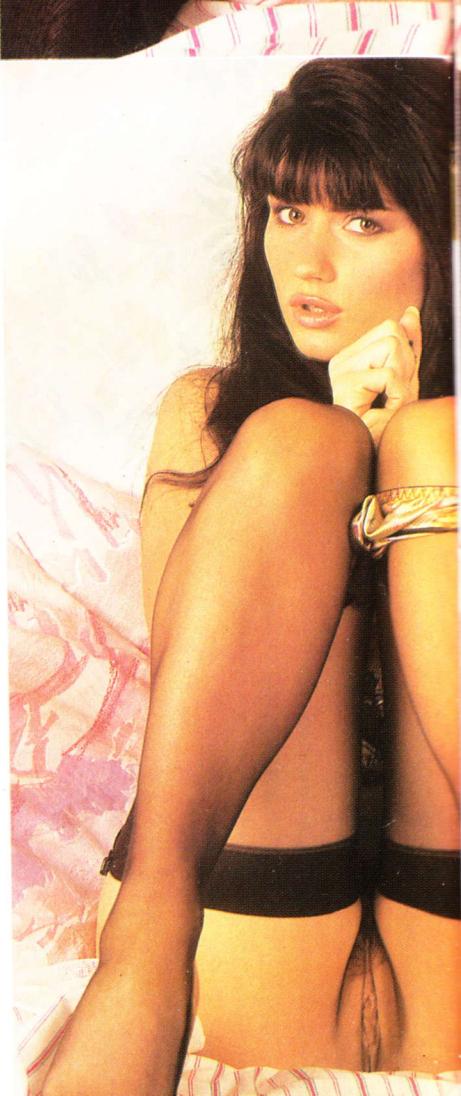
Anyway, 'Lisa' – my stage name – became a favourite at several clubs and pubs and the money from two evenings and a Sunday lunchtime's stripping really helped. Of course, I could see the guys furtively rubbing their cocks through their trousers as my bouncy tits swung and my knicks were discarded and I got a few offers of money for sex. I was shocked, but a little pleased too – it gave me a great sense of power to think

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photographs by ton polter

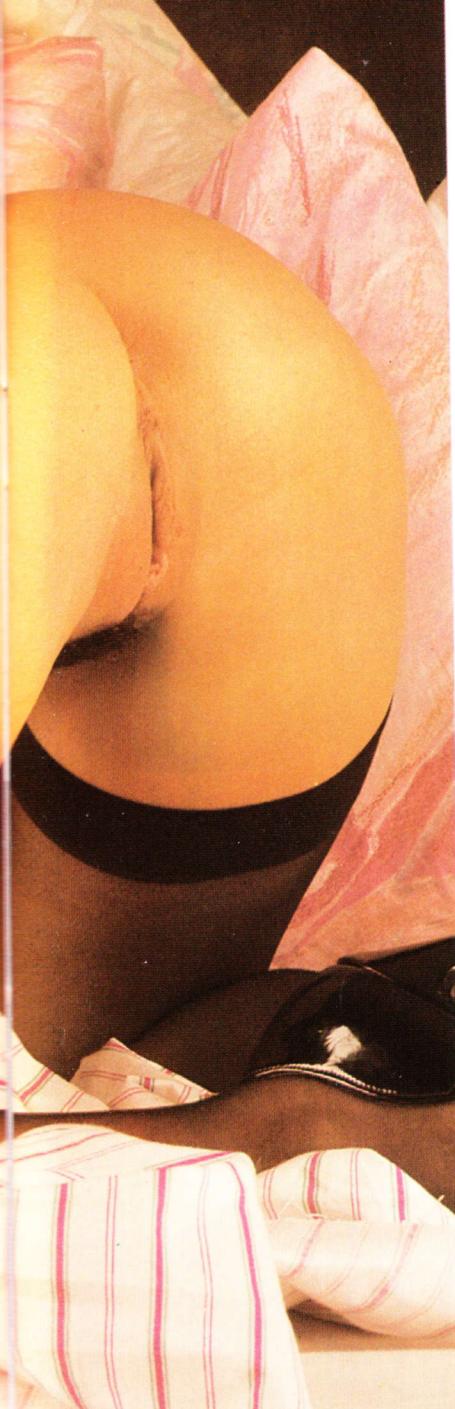


The question you must ask yourself when faced with young Nicole, is whether being dark and sultry, having a rather obscure sense of humour (she told us she couldn't get to the studio too early in the morning because she had to take her bonfire for a walk), and having a glorious figure, is sufficient excuse for acts of inordinate rudeness . . .

Such as walking around in a short skirt and no knickers and baring her behind to the waiters in our local pitzarohoea, with the sole object of proving that there is such a thing as a free lunch (there is), and wiggling her bottom all the way down Wardour street in a vain attempt to make the cab drivers crash into each other and draping her naked boobs around the neck of the Great Baldoni (Accounts)







in a calculated attempt to induce a Price Waterhouse Blue (the mental aberration common amongst accountants when exposed to the naked tit – *Turdus nudialis*) which sometimes results in cheques being made out for £3,000,000.05, in favour of the barer. And one can't get much barer than Nicole did in the bought ledger department.

It didn't work with Baldoni, of course, he being so short sighted he thought she was a VAT inspector. The question being, of course, whether such appalling behaviour is excused by huge scads of rounded pubescence and immense personal liquidity (38D-24-37)? We think, on balance, it probably weighs in at not many of those to the pound. ☺

on the piste!!!

Ed Knox goes downhill fast in the company of the pulchritudinous Erica. But it's snow joke when he finds his alpinestock up his Matterhorn.

There are some so-called pleasurable activities in the world which I find totally incomprehensible, and at the top of the list (just above fretwork) is skiing. How anybody with more synaptic activity than a run-over newt can derive days of fun from dressing up like a complete cunt and sliding down a slushy slope crowded with other squashed-newt brains dressed up like complete cunts, I shall never know.

Since my father had so signally contributed to his prosperity, man and boy, the wealthy owner of the Komik Kondom Kompany of South Croydon, makers of novelty contraceptive devices, once invited him to Austria to try the off-piste slopes of Kuntenberg. My father returned after only half-an-hour in Austria, because his host had insisted that he would have to use skis, and wasn't permitted to go down the mountain in his Bentley.

DOUBLE WHAMMIES

My father went to the Bahamas instead, with a girl whose breasts were so big that her bra-size ran into triple figures, and you could tie her bikini-tops between two palm-trees and sleep in them all afternoon. He said that if he was going to feel a cunt, it might as well be hers.

My father never used a



Komik Kondom again, which meant that I later inherited several gross of jokey johnnies, including two dozens Khaki ones with a model of Monty's head on the end, called E1 Shagamein: one with Rommel's head called Desert Fucks; and one with wings and RAF roundels called Bomb Her Harris.

However, I was sitting at home in my salubrious apartments when the doorbell chimmed the *Dead March from Saul*, and who should it be but Erica Fluffe-Johnson, a rather high-class young pooper whom I had first encountered at the Burleigh Horse Trials. Erica was well-qualified to ski. Her IQ was so tiny that she thought that self-abuse meant standing in front of the mirror telling yourself what a prat you are, and that "doggy-fashion" meant tartan coats for dachshunds. She had been disappointed by the Burleigh Horse Trials because she thought that the horses looked distinctly puny. Think about it.

LEATHER LUST

What Erica lacked in the Einstein department, however, she more than made up for in the Stiffen-Your-Willy-At-A-Glance stakes. She wasn't tall, only 5ft 4ins and the thickness of a naked-feel rubber. But she had long, silky blonde hair, and eyes as green as Bird's Eye Pea packets, and the plumpest, glossiest mouth that looked as if it could cushion the swollen head of your straining stonker like a World of Leather armchair.

She was wearing a demure white rollneck sweater, but all the same you could tell that she had global-class breasts. They seemed to be completely self-supporting, and they squodged against each other underneath the lamb's-wool softness of her sweater like two over-fed lesbians cuddling each other under the same blanket.

"I'm in a bit of a hole," she said.
"Yes, I can see that," I replied. "But what a hole!"
"Biffy's fallen off his

continued on page 42

XXX-MAS!

So what are you doing for Christmas? Or rather, who are you doing for Christmas? With surveys showing the UK shagging rate going up by 169% over the Yuletide period, we decided to ask a selection of British bumcake-flaunters what special little frisson they were planning to inject into their festive frolics . . .



• **Do It In Style!** Out in the sticks, the healthy outdoor lifestyle doesn't necessarily grind to a halt for Christmas. Says Mrs Fyfe-Bargate: "Nothing perks up a bracing Boxing Day walk better than being rogered senseless by the hubby over a handily-located agricultural installation. Fair gets the old pores opened, it does, though it can be a bugger getting the splinters out of your bum . . ."

• **In The Deep Mid-Cleavage!** Top-heavy trouser-teasers Brenda and Bessie have plumped for lesbian lust this year. "Last year there was just so much spunk around!" moans Brenda. "It got everywhere - we couldn't remember whether we iced the Christmas cake or not." So no wingers for these wenches this year; they're going to buy each other a bra, then take them off and spend the festive season whapping each other around the head with their mighty mammarys. "Well, it's either that, or watching *Noel's Xmas House Party* . . ."





• Stairway To Heaven! Up in Towcester, rum doings are afoot as Irene Intrepid and her man-friend 'Marv' work off that post-lunch torpor in unique fashion. "Marv positions himself at the foot of the banisters with a nice big lob on," confides Ms Intrepid, "while I cover my pudenda with KY and then slide downwards from upstairs. By the time I hit the bottom I've usually gained sufficient velocity to comfortably accommodate my lover's donger to the hilt. It does make you squeal a bit, though, if Marv's aim isn't spot on."



• Gold, Frankincense and Her! A variation on that time-honoured party game 'Treasure Hunt' is always a big hit at the parties thrown by Mrs Mo O'Toole and spouse. "Putting a diamond ear-stud under my cleavage proved something of a problem last year," Mo relates, "as none of the guests could find the bloody thing. However, I feel that draping a gold chain over my fanny will be somewhat more accessible as well as much more fun – especially as contestants will only be allowed to use their tongues to pick anything up. Thank God we've reinforced the coffee table this year!"

• My Ding-a-Ling! "Alas, this Christmas, as last year, I shall be unable to be with my boyfriend, Reginald," comes the sad tale from Ms Mandy Makedo of Reading. "You see, he's a



• While Shepherd's Twanged Their Crotch! Unusual seasonal sex fun at the abode of Mr and Mrs Gussette of Filey: "Every year Gerald purchases a slinky pair of knickers," confesses Mrs Gussette, "the reason being simply so we can play our favourite naughty game in which Gerald has to carefully attempt cunnilingus upon me without making me jump suddenly, which would result in me letting go of my tight panties and fetching him a nasty red stripe across the bridge of his nose. It's rather like 'Ker-plunk!', except with a difference!"



highly-valued chartered accountant and always on call in foreign parts around this time of year, though I always try and speak to him by phone on Christmas day. However," she adds confidentially, "if I get the wrong number I got last year I won't mind all that much!"

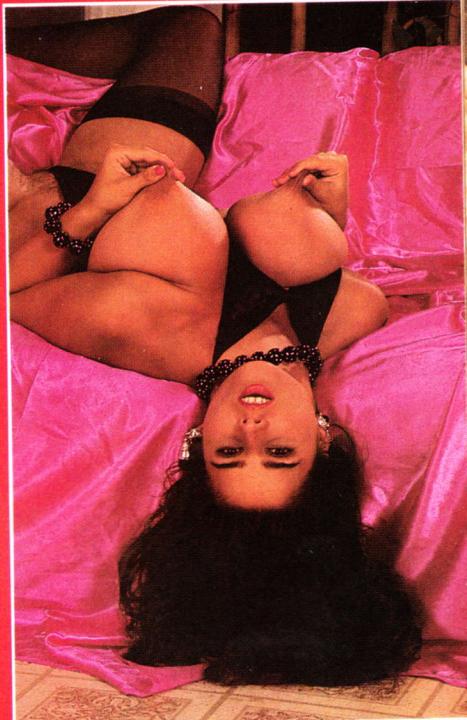


• Bra and Away! "I'm hoping for a bit more thought from my old man as regards buying Xmas presents this year," reveals amply-formed Triphena Glandes of Kilmarnock. "I tell him my bust measurements, write them in his Filofax, even write them in chinograph pencil along the side of his knob when we're having sex," this lush-breasted Caledonian cutie adds, "and then I tell him I really want some sexy undies for Christmas. You can see what good it did . . . !"



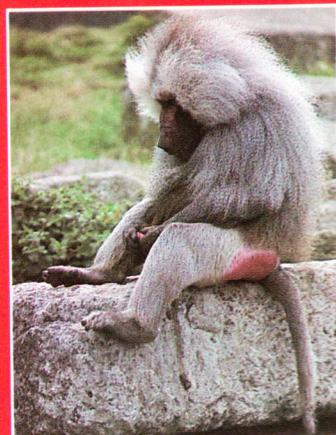
• Flinging The Yule Log! One of the down-sides of the festive revelry is the huge amounts of fare that seem inevitably to be left over once the day itself is over, in particular all those creamy delicacies that somehow no one could face after their 16th helping of turkey. "Mmm, trifle seems to be a major bugbear in our household," agrees Cherry Dimplex of Stafford, "which is why every year me and my hubby, Don, hold

a trifle-chucking jamboree in the bathroom. We strip down to our undies then pelt each other with sundry items of confectionary. The loser has to lick it off the winner." And how do they know who exactly is the winner?

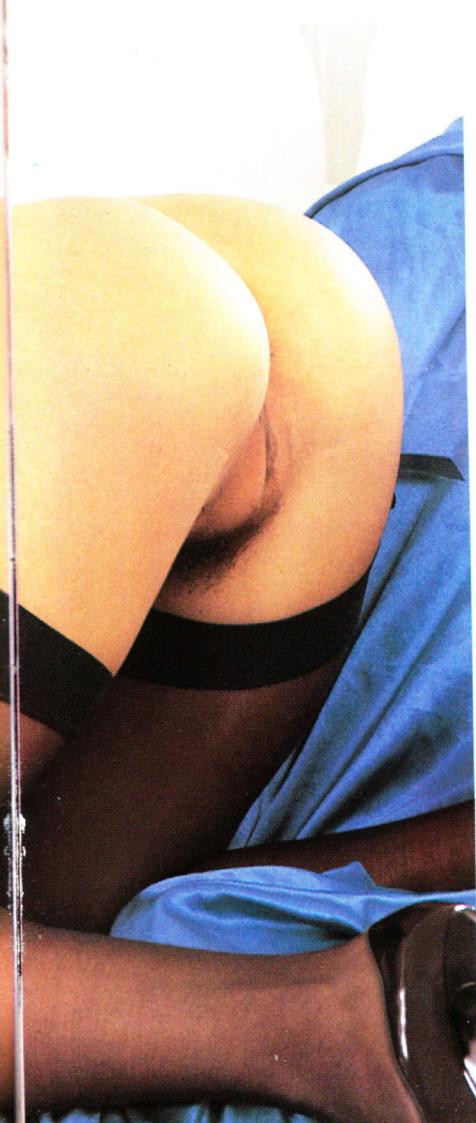


• God Breast Ye Merry Gentlemen! "There's nothing like a spot of sexy mood music to create the perfect atmosphere for a steamy Chrissie-night bonk in front of an open fire," is the candid admission of Lucinda Lumpps of Tavistock. "It rounds off the festive season to a 'tee'. Unfortunately, last year our radiogram broke down on Christmas Eve, thus depriving us of languid accompaniment for our seasonal shagging. My boyfriend, however, insisted I could pick up Radio 4 long-wave via my boobies. I tried for hours and not a dicky birdie – he had a bloody good wank watching me, mind . . . "

• Goodwill To All Men! We tried to contact Robert Maxwell, the well-known newspaper proprietor with regard to his yuletide plans, but alas he was already dead . . .







heidii

MEN ONLY 39





Heidi has all the attributes of the perfect healer: warm hands, a husky voice, and a way of saying "say ninety-nine", that is pretty sure to give you a rupture if you haven't got one already. I wonder if the statisticians realise how much the doctor can influence medical statistics. Certainly since Heidi appeared on the scene the number of men complaining of rupture, ball-ache, soreness of the penis and impotence has increased ten-fold my wang between your big soft 38 inch breasts darling. (Excuse me, I was thinking of something else for a moment back there. Where was I?) Oh yes, Heidi's healing hands. Well they certainly seem to take care of 90 per cent of impotence cases anyway, although she hasn't had so much success curing lovers nuts. Causing it, yes. Warm hearted, friendly and fond of kissing every man she meets, and, she is prepared to admit, more out of her knickers than in them, Heidi is just the medicine a man needs. "Tell them I'm a demon with the rubber gloves", she suggests, "not to mention the other things". Whatever that means (37D-24-38). It's as clear as mud to us! ☺

blah!

continued from page 30

of guys going home and tossing off thinking about me – but unable to get me.

It was Sandra, my best friend on the strip circuit, who wised me up. She told me she'd been doing 'escort' work for a month or so and making serious money. "It's not like prostitution," she said. "The agency only attracts blokes with money. Most of them are really nice blokes and if they want to be generous to a girl in return for her company, what's the harm?"

You guessed right: I went to see her agency. It was run by Sarah, a very flashy lady in her 40s. She could have been a dyke – she insisted I strip in front of her and she seemed to be enjoying a look at my credentials. "Very nice, love," she said, "you've got class – real class. But when you're out with a guy, wear nice underwear – plenty of frills, not those." (I was in my everyday cotton knicks.) The first guy I went out with was a lonely Japanese, a real gentleman. He only really wanted to talk about his wife and kids, but he bought me a marvellous dinner and sent me home by cab with a very generous 'tip' just for the privilege of holding my hand. The second guy was a paunchy American in his 40s.



He wanted one thing and by midnight I was on my knees in his hotel room in just my stockings, slurping and drooling over his monumental hard-on. He was big and when he put me on all fours on the bed and rammed the thing up me from the rear I really felt it! We did it all, including a session with his cock between my tits, then more straight fucking. I hadn't thought of

continued on page 64

dial 'O' for orgasm



continued from page 36

jumper and broken his pelvis."

"Must be a bloody thick jumper," I remarked.

"His horse, you silly boy. And he was supposed to be coming to Gsputt with me skiing. Now I've got a spare ticket and nobody to go with. You wouldn't come, would you? It'd be great fun and Angela Watts-Darlington said you were always on the piste."

BRANDY SNAPS

"I'm afraid my skis are being re-strung," I protested. But Erica said, "That's all right, you can borrow Biffy's; and his bindings too."

I frowned at her. "What kind of a holiday is this going to be? Do you want me to bring my handcuffs as well?"

Anyway, against my better judgement, I agreed to accompany Erica to Switzerland. I packed nine bottles of XXXX brandy and several good books.

Erica and I had adjoining rooms in the Chalet Jodeleh, hee-hee. I detest snow, but I suppose as she and I sit drinking gluhwein and listening to the sound of a tortured squeezebox in the parlour below, I have to admit that I began to feel amorous, almost romantic.

I kissed Erica and lifted her sweater over her head. Her unfettered breasts bounced up and down at least 67 times before coming to rest. Her nipples crinkled red in the crackling red firelight. I kissed her again, nipping her nipples between my teeth. Then I tugged down her clinging woollen leggings, revealing a moist glistening minge that was totally innocent of hair. Her clitoris peeked from between her bulging vaginal lips, almost teasing me to tickle it.

"Do you know what the Swiss find erotic?" she breathed in my ear.

"Sticking their dicks in cuckoo-clocks while they're chiming?" I ventured.

"No, they love rubbing their naked bodies with snow."

by tony husband



"Oh, well," I admitted, "better than having a giant Toblerone shoved briskly up your fundament."

SWISS HOLES

She opened the balcony doors of her bedroom, and stepped out naked into the snowy night. There were heaps of fresh snow on the balcony, and she scooped up two huge handfuls and came towards me. I had just undressed, and I was naked as a Tory minister, and the last thing I fancied was a handful of nothing-flavoured Slush Puppy being clutched against my nuts. I dodged. Erica came after me, her huge breasts bouncing in



every conceivable direction. She ran toward me. I dodged again. The next thing I knew she had charged right out of the balcony doors, skidded on the snow, and disappeared over the balcony rail.

I rushed to the rail and looked down, horrified. Erica had fallen headfirst into a ten-foot drift, and all I could see of her was two frantically-waving wide-apart legs and a bare, wide-open cunt. At once I did the honourable thing. I rang room service and told them to bring me up that woman who was upside-down in the snowdrift outside the hotel.

BATTERED BERGS

As it turned out, however, Erica had broken her right leg, and the next time I saw her was not when she was brought to my room with warming Swiss-type accompaniments, but when I went to collect her from the Frankenstein Krankenhaus, where her leg had been encased in plaster.

The next evening, I went to her room with flowers and brandy and a decorative Alpine walking stick, by the way of consolation. Erica was touched, especially by me. She was sitting up in her bed in her freshly-pressed Swiss nightdress, her hair beautifully brushed, a picture of loveliness by firelight.

"You can join me, if you like," she smiled. Did I need asking twice? I didn't ever need asking once. I stripped off my schmutter and was lying naked alongside her before you could say "Empfangsbescheinigung." My cock was as hard and as sleek and as slippery as a well-known brand of skis; and when I touched Erica's hairless cleft, it was juicy and warm and ready for instant penetration.

ICY BUNS

The trouble was, her leg plaster got in the way. No matter how I positioned myself, this massive plaster limb obstructed my angle of attack. It was like trying to fuck the Acropolis. She lay on her back, she lay on her side. I just couldn't get it in. She lay on her stomach. She stretched the cheeks of her bottom wide apart, and lubricated her little hole with her fingers, but I couldn't reach that, either.

In the end, she beckoned me higher up the bed. I knelt astride her, and she gave my cock the kind of tongue bath that Pifco should sell for Christmas. Then, as a finale, she wrapped my cock in her silky blonde hair, like an Anglo-saxon spring roll, and gently masturbated me. It took no more than 6½ ticks from the cuckoo-clock on the wall before I flooded her hair with warm, sticky sperm. Smiling, she massaged it into her scalp, saying, "Better than Vidal Sassoon Wash'n'Go!"

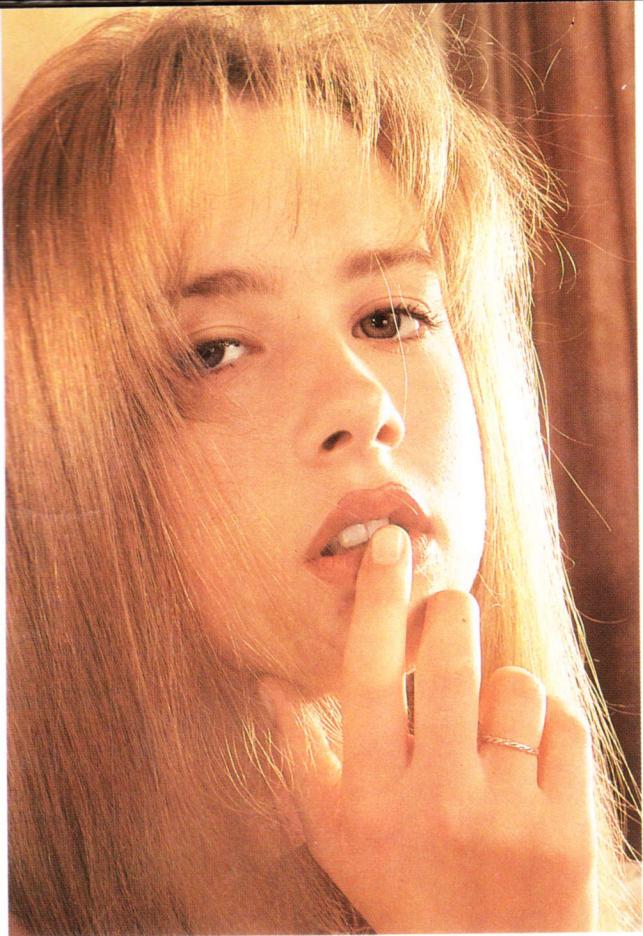
So, that was the beginning and the end of my skiing holiday. Can't say that I was sorry. After all, fucking is always the best part of a skiing holiday, and from then on it's all downhill.

Ed Knox

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photographs by joanie allum





The last we heard of Katherine she was experiencing difficulties on the Algarve occasioned by a see-thru coozie and a Jeffrey Archer novel (we can understand . . .), but now she's back and thrilling to the delights of the British winter.

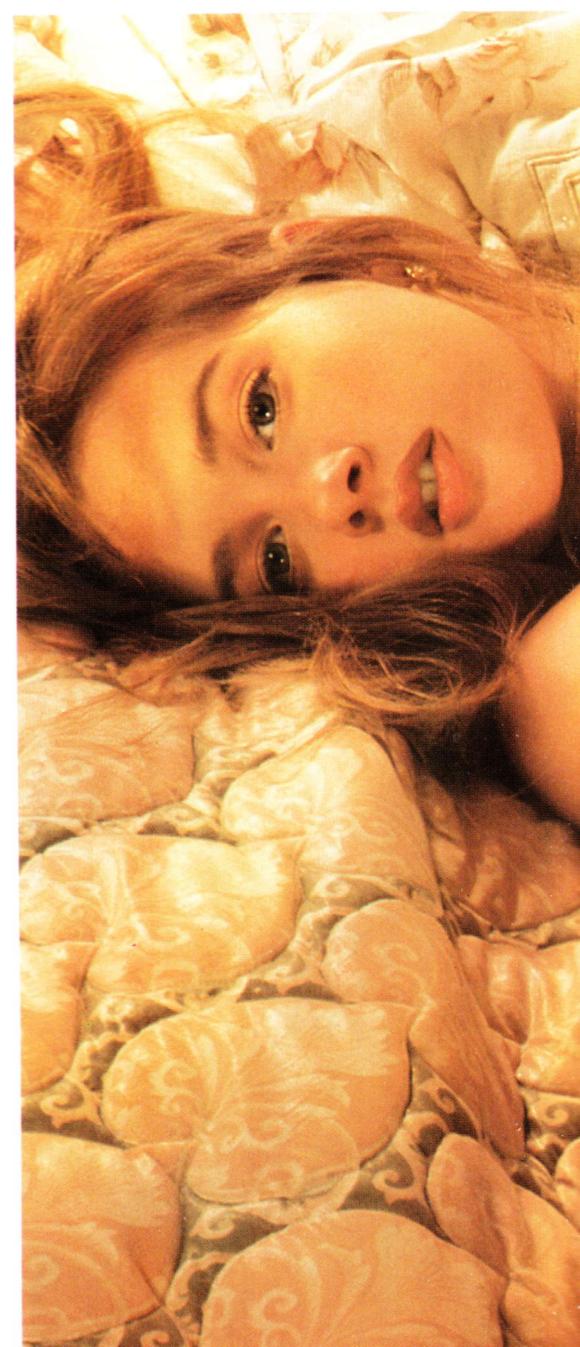
"It's so bloody cold!" she complains, "I mean, I thought all this global warming was supposed to mean warmer winters, but it's brass monkeys, isn't it? I like walking around my flat in the altogether, but, honestly, it's either having your nipples stand out like a couple of electricity power station



cooling towers or running up a heating bill that'd even freak out Kenneth Clarke! What do you do?" It's funny you should ask that, Katherine, but we at MO have got many a solution as regards keeping a curvobongus cutie such as yourself warm through the dark winter evenings. To whit:

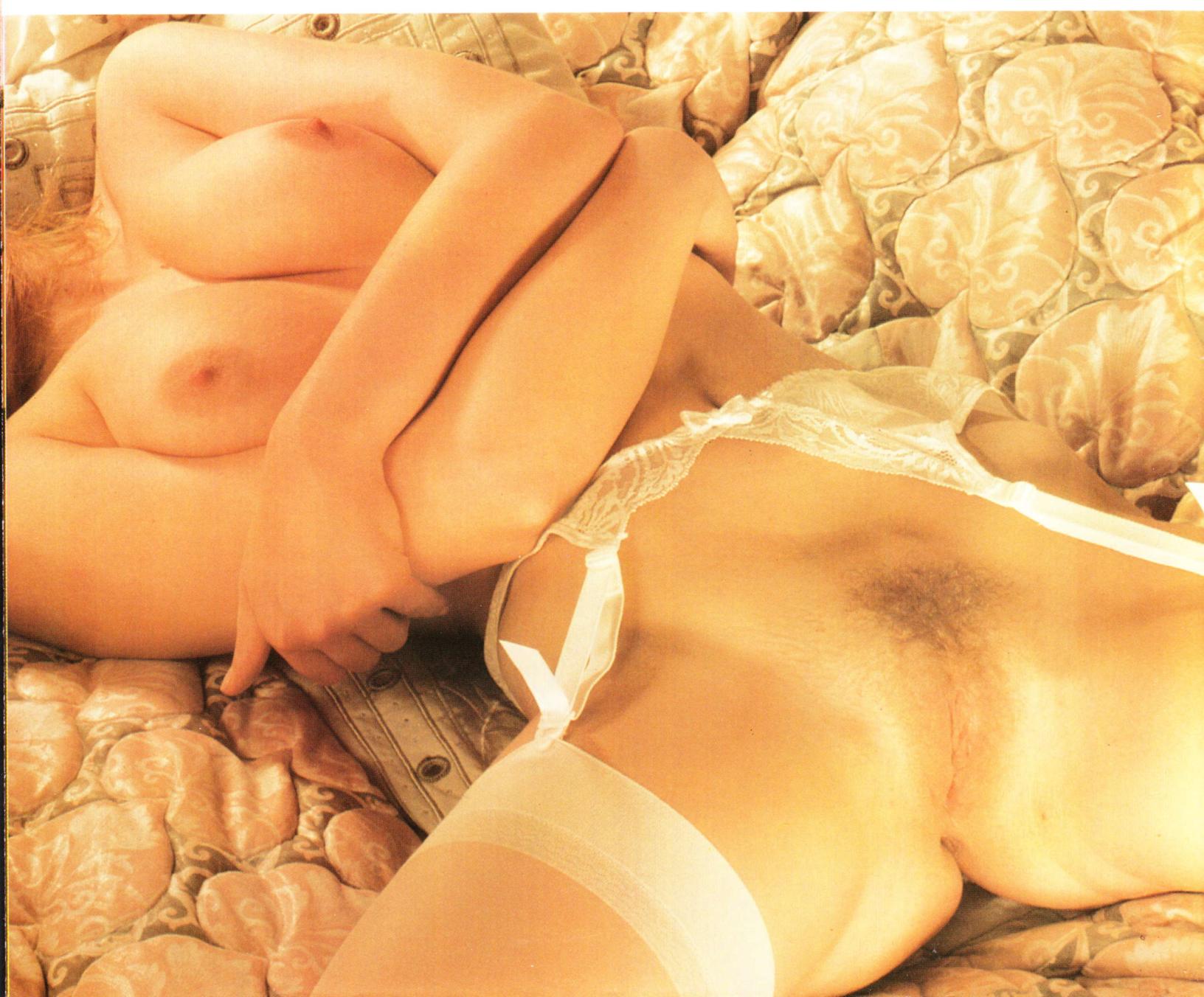
(a) Wrap yourself in the *Sunday Times* special supplement – not bad, though the print tends to rub off and, of course, there's the added worry of having the wisdom of Andrew Neill quite so close to your parts, not to mention boyfriends reading the reviews off your bottom in idle moments . . .





(b) Shack up with a coalman – not such a good idea considering the grubby fingerprints on your bum and his insistence on your taking up his nutty slack.

(c) Align your slender 35C-23-35 figure alongside a thrusting young tyro in the mens' magazine industry. Shall we say, someone connected with a publication devoted solely to the male of the species . . . (are you trying to chat up the models again? – Ed) 



MEN ONLY



KNICKERS, KNOCKERS & stuffing things up the chimney: FESTIVE FROLICS THE MEN ONLY WAY!

Q: What expands your waistline, blurs your vision and leaves a gaping hole in your bank balance? **A:** Christmas! But you can survive with MO's handy guide on having a good time with only five girlies and a few balloons . . .

I don't know much about nymphomania, but I know what I like. And come Christmas the most self-controlled and demure vagina is biting through its gusset on its way to becoming a shameless insatiable slot.

Something gets into a girl at Christmas. I'll rephrase that – everything gets into a girl at Christmas. All a cock's got to do is stand around waiting and pretty soon a pussy will drop over it like a very hot, wet and furry quoit!

There's a lot of talk about getting back to the real meaning of Christmas at this time of year. And the thing is, if you go back far enough with any religious festival you end up with a cock-out, knickers down festival of fecundity and fornication.

EXCUSE JUICE

The truth is that girls want to gorge themselves on a good hard cock all the time and men are happy to oblige, all we need to get really steaming is a damn good excuse.

Something to get around the social conditioning which deters us most of the time – and just as well because if men and women bonked as much as they'd really like to we'd go on screwing until we starved.

There are plenty of excuses that will do.

LEG OPENERS

Alcohol has always been the randy woman's old reliable stand-by.

"He got me drunk . . ."

Trouble is the amount of booze it takes to get a girl to screw a man she doesn't fancy that much usually exceeds her



PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY

One we're sure you all remember from your youth – violence, tears and getting jabbed up the bum with sharpened implements. But in the hands of MO's pert-bottomed partygoers it becomes a very different matter indeed.

HOW TO PLAY: Someone has to volunteer to be the 'donkey'. This will entail much debate and threats to reveal intimate information concerning various sexual indiscretions, but eventually someone will crack (in

this case Charmaine's secret about her time in Bognor with the Abertillary Male Voice Choir outweighed Denise's dark secret about her brief fling-ette with a roadsweeper in Bolton).

CONDUCT OF PLAY: To introduce an element of skill it helps if the lass in question is slowly and sensuously undulating her bottom back and forth – actually, it doesn't really, it's just a whole lot better from an audience point of view. The other players then

blindfold one of their number (which in this case happened to be Karen who, well, kind of likes that sort of thing) and hand her a long bendy thing – not necessarily phallic in shape, tho' that helps – which she then attempts to correctly locate upon the volunteer 'ass'.

FUN RATING: In the region of 85%, although 100% is possible if the 'tail' misses its target and ends up in the Christmas Box.

WHO WINS? Who cares!





There's nothing like a game of The Hunting of the Snatch to start the party with a Gulp! In this case it's that well-known charade — Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex But were too busy Falling off the Couch.

puke threshold. And there are few things less erotic than a lap full of second-hand prawn Dansak.

Getting a present is another really good reason for a firm bottomed young filly to plant her parts on the plonker.

Then there's the holiday atmosphere. Knickers are never welded on so tight that the won't come down at holiday time. Which is why little Ms Goody Two Shoes, who has been frigid all her life only has to land in Marbella to have screwed three waiters, two drunken Aussies and a donkey come lunch time.

Never fails.

MISTLETOE-SUCKING

It will not have escaped your attention that Christmas incorporates all the classic knickers down excuses into one hot, boozy, slap-tickle-thrust'n'come fuck-fest.

With the secret ingredient – really, you know, lovely guys.

And that's what we are at Christmas, in our smart new socks, boxer shorts with strawberries on, dressed up and marinated in Old Mice aftershave.

At least we're a woman's idea of lovely guys anyway.

THINK OF ENGLAND

All of which adds up to the cunt rampant at Christmas time. I'm sorry to tell you this, men, but you're going to get it this Christmas whether you like it or not. You're just going to have to bite the pillow and think of England.

In the meantime here are some saucy games to give the whole orgiastic business some semblance of order and decorum.



CHARADES

One of the traditional Xmas stand-bys as anyone who's ever found themselves hitting the gin after 5 mins of Granny attempting to communicate 'Force 10 From Navarone' through mime will know to their cost. However, playing charades the MO way is a different proposition altogether (and not a Lionel Blair or Una Stubbs in sight!).

HOW TO PLAY: Select a well-known title, be it of a film, book, play or song. Select them wisely for maximum ribaldry and rude

bit exposure potential - 'The Hypothesis of Hegelian Dialectic' is pretty drab, whereas 'Emmanuelle VI Meets The Tit-Licking Nymphos' has definite possibilities. The girls then attempt to represent the said title by means of an exciting and possibly highly rude series of tableaux until you successfully guess the correct answer. Our illustrations demonstrate the importance of selecting risqué titles as (left) our gorgeous guppies produce an inspiring

version of 'Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Sex (But Were Afraid To Ask)' and (below) 'Dirty Dancing'. You should have seen their ridiculous attempt at 'Thunderball', mind!

CONDUCT OF PLAY: Charades requires great imagination and thespian talent - it is best played with dirty minded guppies who think thespianism is something to with pussylicking (and are rather thrilled by the idea). The more challenging the conundrum the better this will stretch their

talents (and your underpants) to the limit. On no account choose 'Deep Throat' - unless you think you can get away with it, that is.

FUN RATING: It's a whopping 97% for those who like watching naughty nookiebirds gyrating obscenely before your very eyes, rising to a full-blown 150% if you can successfully pull off 'Caligula's Spunkiest Orgy' with noisy and enthusiastic audience participation.

WHO WINS?: Everybody except the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Come Dancing? It certainly does, but it's a sod getting it off the carpet. Our bright young things demonstrate position 72 from 101 Things to Do with a Ripe Banana. Otherwise known as Dirty Dancing.





TWISTER

This fantastic game was devised in 1902 by American Louie Krunt, but when he suggested it to his wife she reported him to the local authorities as a deviant, so it wasn't until recent times this fiendish test of balance and muscle-control achieved its massive success. Guaranteed to be a giggle, especially when played with a bunch of naked girdles who've had a few and don't mind sitting on the odd

chap's surprised face.
HOW TO PLAY: One person is elected 'spinner' (as compensation they get custody of the Frascati) and they then call out instructions to players dependant on the various calls upon which the pointer may land i.e. 'Left arm green', 'Right leg blue' etc. The player in question then attempts to obey this instruction and place the requisite limb upon the said

colour-coded blob without either (a) Falling over (b) Dislocating any limbs (c) Blowing off in a fellow-competitor's face.

CONDUCT OF PLAY: Chaotic and open to abuse. The close and tangled proximity of bums, boobs and fannies affords ample opportunity for surreptitious tickling (or worse) while the adjudicator's eyes are averted elsewhere. It always ends in a vast pile-up of lissom legs and

bulging boobflesh, but then that's the general idea anyway. Is not a recommended game at parties where the hors d'oeuvres consist of onion bhajis and pickled eggs.

FUN RATING: A whopping 92% on the MO Hornometer - 115% if you happen to be at the bottom of this writhing heap.

WHO WINS?: It depends on who you invite and how much they drink, but generally you do.



SARDINES

The history of this game dates back as far as 1186 when King Ethelred the Randy devised it as a means of copulating off with the royal serving wenches without his wife Egberta the Tyrannical finding out. Upon his death (when she *did* find out), the game fell into neglect for many centuries until revived by Casanova, from whom the game gets its name after he found himself sharing cupboard space with fifteen Florentine courtesans, all in a state of high excitement.

HOW TO PLAY: One of your number runs off and hides while the others count to a hundred, perhaps diddling themselves at the same time which makes the cry of 'coming!' at the count's conclusion all the more apt. They then attempt to seek the hider and, upon finding her, conceal themselves in her secret place (as it were). The idea is that they then remain concealed until discovered by another of the party who then attempts to squeeze her busty bits alongside those already hidden therein until found by yet another player who also essays to wiggle and squirm her nubile young bod in there, too. As a rule, it is usually around this point in the game that things become really interesting.

CONDUCT OF PLAY: Stealth and silence are of the upmost - demanding requisites when you have a clutch of naked fillies rubbing their bits together in a wardrobe. But these drawbacks are unimportant when weighed against the intriguing possibilities arising from being squished in a confined space with several under-clad pneumatic females. It goes without saying that the priority for any player is to find the hiding place as quickly as possible and *ergo* to remain in that location as long as humanly possible to allow sufficient time for your mammally capacious companion to say, "I never knew people kept courgettes in wardrobes!" The obvious reply which comes to mind is along the lines of "yes indeed, but if you twang my plums like that then don't be surprised if the hinges squeak."

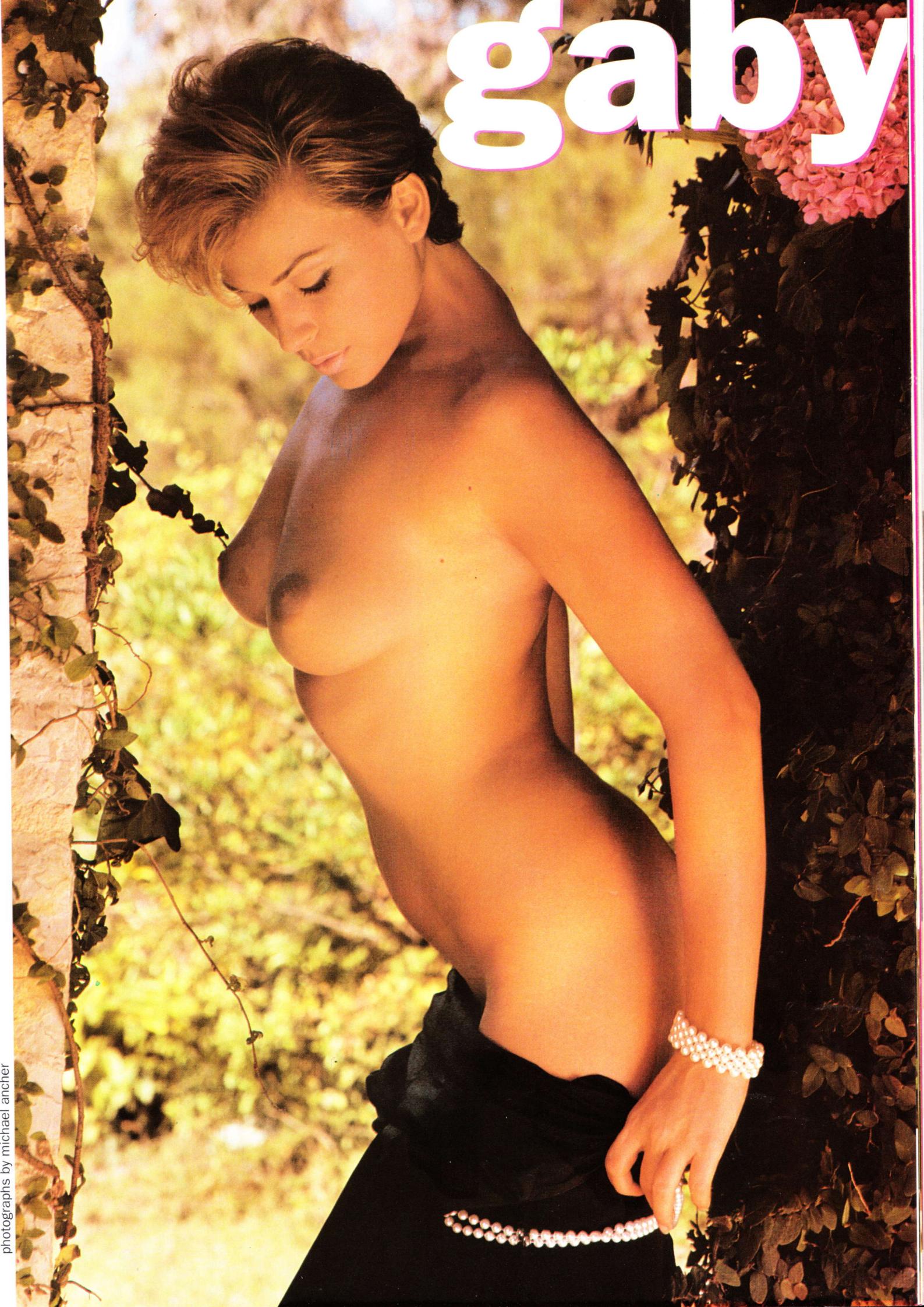
Frequently confused with a little known Celtic game called "Hunt the Sausage", Sardines is not nearly as much fun when played with a lot of 16-stone blokes, and even less with people like MPs or friends of Roland Rat.

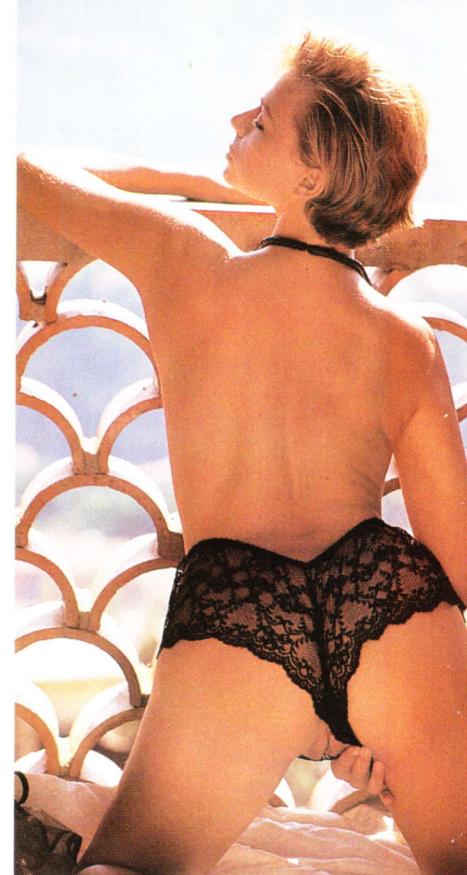
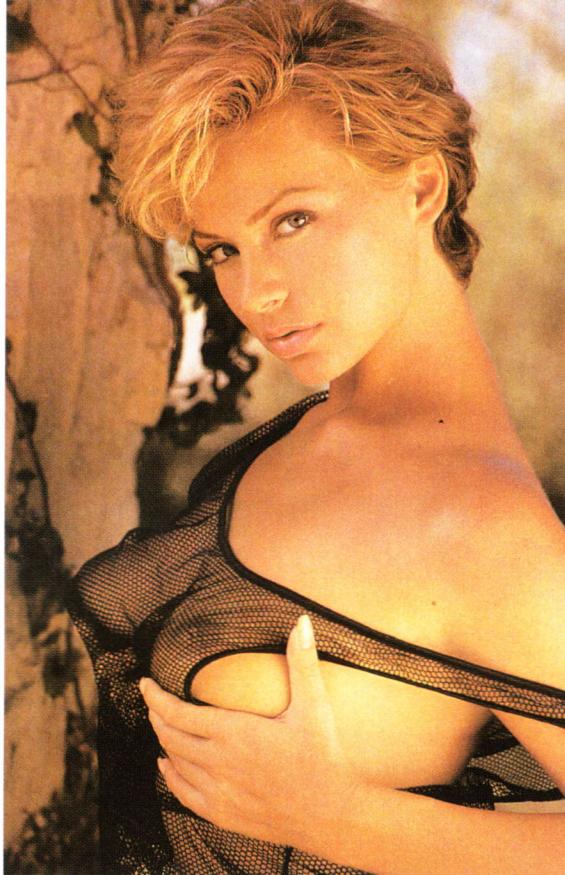
FUN RATING: Varies from a paltry 43% if you're the poor sod wandering around the house on your own to a knockout 100% if you find yourself joined by successive women at the rate of one every fifteen minutes.

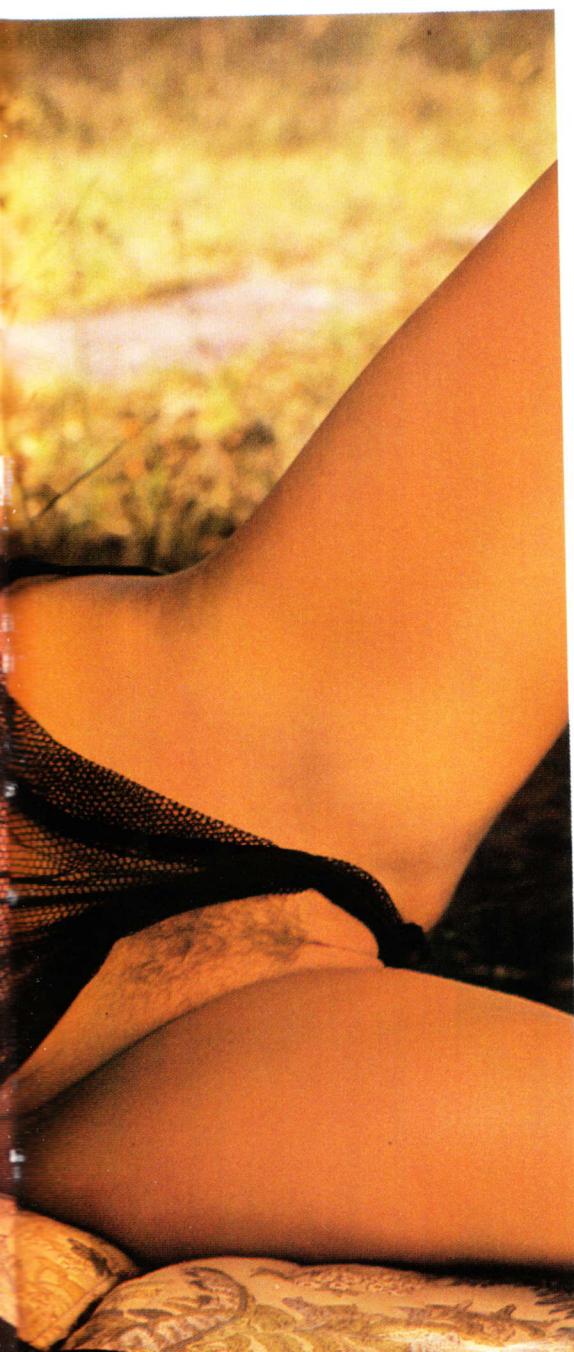
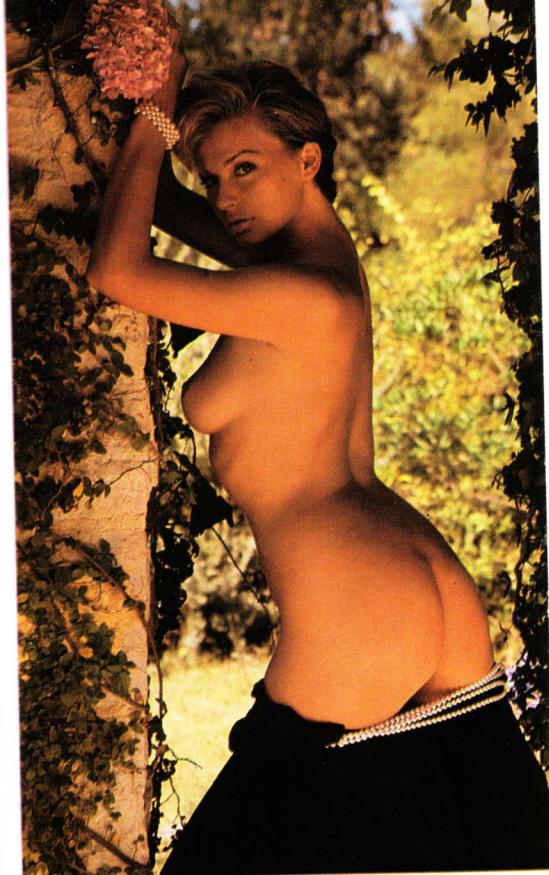
WHO WINS? Mr Happy, with the purple bathing cap, in the cupboard (*Isn't that 'Cluedo'?* - Ed.)



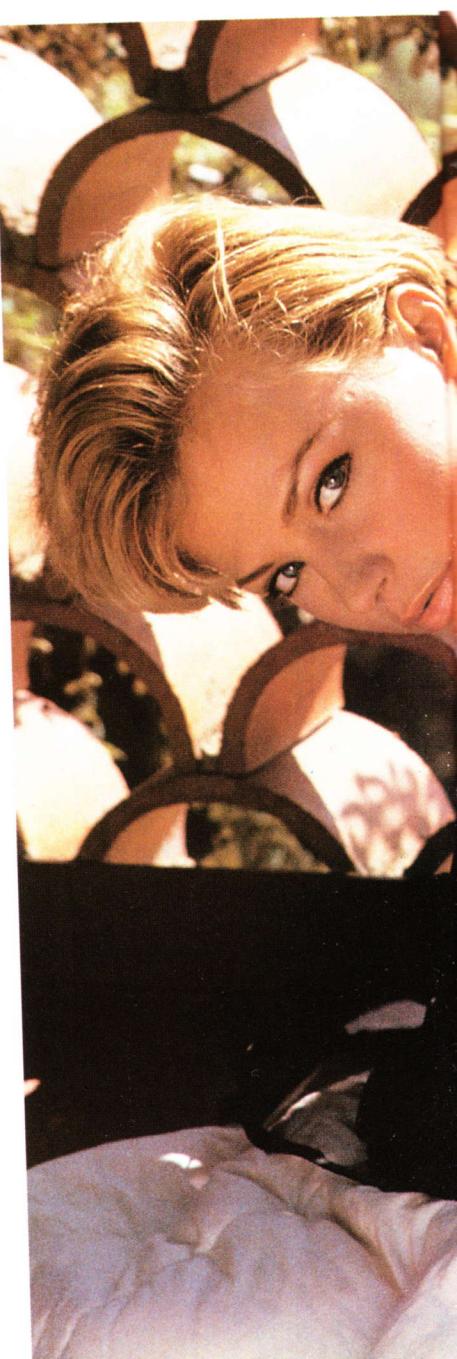
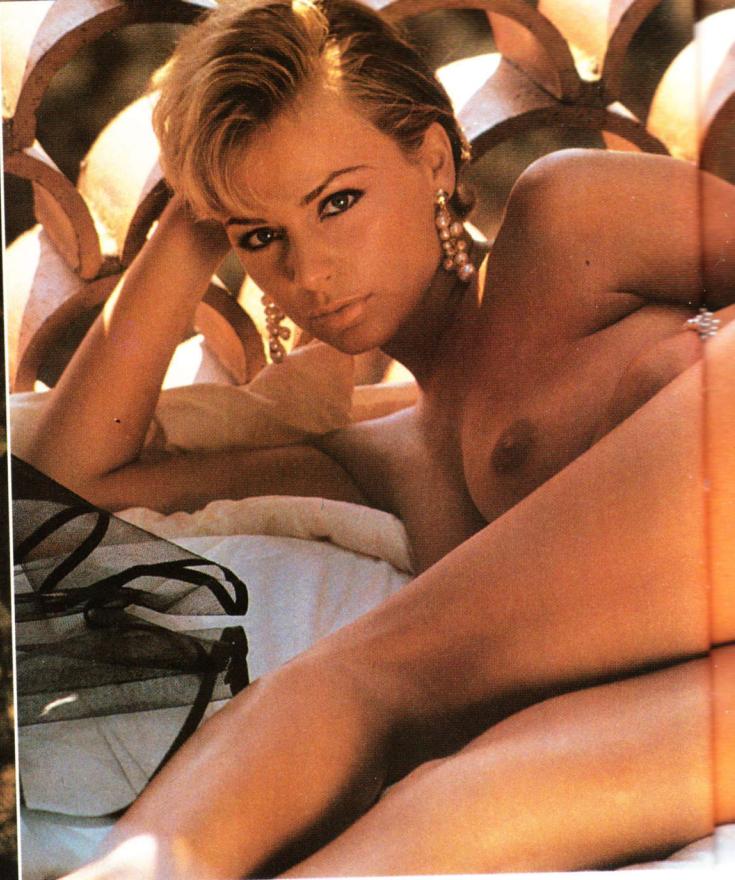
gaby







there is a breed of woman who only appear in *Men Only*. They're cool, sophisticated types of a certain income who gain a certain frisson from appearing minus their designer frocks in the quality mens' magazine. They know, you see, that MO is perused by only the top people at home and abroad and thus happily bare all in the knowledge that the ensuing six month's chatter at cocktail functions from Biarritz to Monte Carlo will centre around nothing else. Oh, the thrill! The scandal! The naughty tingly feeling they get meeting sundry nobles who they know have minutely scrutinised their fluffy bits with the aid of a magnifying glass



and a strong glass of port to hand. The true gentleman never spills a drop of course. Well Gaby certainly falls into this category. It would be madness to furnish you with too many details regarding her pedigree – if you read any of those hideously-overpriced magazines full of the latest poop on the black-tie circuit then doubtless you'll recognise the face if nothing else. Suffice to say, however, Gaby is no rich man's plaything – no, rich men are *her* playthings, as, she says archly, anyone who was at the hubby's bash on the yacht at San Trop this summer would have discerned. Currently, however, she's preparing to winter at Gstaad, so if you happen to be following Fergie's ski-ruts this summer and espy a comely 34B-22-33 figure elegantly descending the piste in a skintight catsuit, well, you'll know where you've seen that shape before, won't you . . . ? mg



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SAVE A FORTUNE!

Careful readers will have noticed that, like our readers' dangly bits, the cover price has risen slightly from last issue. However, really careful readers will take note that we're holding subscription rates for the rest of the year. This offer MUST end December 31st 1993, so save yourself £4 AND ensure you get the best in bums, the tops in tits and the fabbiest furry bits 13 TIMES A YEAR!

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blah!

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asking him to use a condom so I was quite pleased when he decided he'd like to come between my boobs, with me sucking his knob. He shot wads of the stuff – into my hair, over my face and, of course, all over my tits. Some guys get really excited seeing a sexy young girl coated in their spunk. Another generous 'tip' – and some great orgasms. I'd

businessman who wanted me to entertain him and his colleague. They were obviously really into it. I went to the client's Belgravia pad, suitably dolled up in black suspender belt, lacy stockings, bra and minute g-string under a black dress, plus lots of perfume, eyeshadow and lipstick. After a few drinks and a chat, we adjourned to the bedroom where the blokes (both in their



"Now you know why I'm the only Red Nosed Reindeer!"

come and come with 'Gerry' (probably not his real name), not just because of his size but because of his wonderful way of making love – slowly and with real power, in a way that I've found typical of older men. I've been doing a couple of dates a week ever since. They're generally older, all nations, some lousy in bed, some studs, a few dead kinky. There are some things I won't do for any amount of money – well, a few! Do I feel exploited? Like hell! I get a real buzz of power from sex with older men. You know that they're just dying to get their hands on (and their cocks into) a girl as young as me. They positively drool when they see me in my undies and when I see their erections, I know I've got something they really want. I love sucking blokes off and having their cocks throbbing and dribbling as I lick their knobs and play with their balls, then seeing the cum shoot all over the place (mostly over me, actually).

I thought going with more than one guy at the same time was one thing I'd never do, but the promise of a 'very generous tip' made me change my mind. The client was a South American

40s and both from Brazil) got stripped and I had the interesting experience of trying to wrap my bright red lips round two thrusting erections, both on the large side. They took charge, stripped me gradually, drooling over my young body and were both obviously highly turned on. When they'd had a good feel of my firm full tits and checked out my crotch (wet), they put me on the bed on all fours. Alfredo (the client) invited his guest (Pedro) to go first. He pushed the skimpy g-string aside and I felt the hot tip of his cock in my folds. Alfredo shouted something to him (probably, 'give the little whore what she wants') and lunged in. In three thrusts he was balls-deep in me and frankly we were both having fun, him humping me hard. Not that I had much time to think about it, with Alfredo's dribbling 8" presented to my lips, demanding (and getting) an expert blow-job. They changed places after a bit, Alfredo's tool up me as I licked my own juices from his mate's shorter, fatter prick.

I earned my tip that night. We fucked and sucked for

continued on page 98



We all know there's nobody randier than the British woman looking for a good bonking, and *Men Only's* Private Parts is where you get the full, uncensored truth! The next 12 pages are the exclusive work of our rampant female readership, brought to life in all their horny glory. So if you want to share your dirtiest experience with almost a million readers, write to Private Parts, **Men Only, Paul Raymond Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.**

private parts

gussets galore!

Name: Lucille

Age: 23

Home-Town: Nuneaton

Occupation: Sales Assistant

Marital Status: Single

My boyfriend has a kink that's pretty unusual, but it doesn't half turn me on, so I thought I'd share it with the millions of readers via Men Only. You see, he has this huge thing about looking up at women's

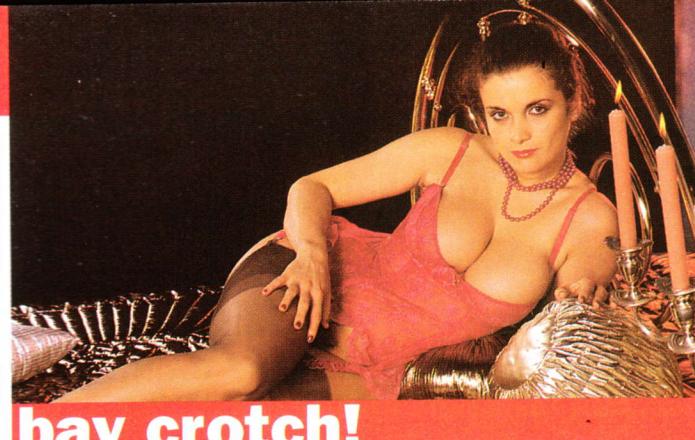


pussies from underneath.

Terry is a lot older than me (he's 37) and claims he first became interested in this kind of voyeurism when he was working for the council laying pipelines. All day long he used to look up from the trench in which he was working and catch sight of these women walking overhead wearing skirts. Of course, that gave him a grandstand view up their skirts and, naturally, he could see everything, their knickers and all – though sometimes, he didn't even see their knickers (if you see what I mean!).

Anyway, being with him is a lot of fun as he gets me to wear the tightest, clingiest panties you ever saw and stand right over him so he can see it all. I'll stand there as if I've no idea he's underneath me and play with my panties, pulling them really tight over my crotch and stroking my pussy as if I was having a sneaky frig thinking I was all alone. Then, when my cunt's good and wet, I'll slowly lower myself down over his face until Terry can nuzzle his face right into my damp crotch and taste my juices as they seep through. His tongue is incredibly long and in no time at all is licking lovingly at my crotch as I seize his knob in both hands and wank him slowly off.

Do any other readers have a similar fetish? We'd love to hear from them if they do!



bay crotch!

Name: Stella

Age: 27

Home-Town: Morecombe

Occupation: Waitress

Marital Status: Single

Morecombe Bay in summer is fine; loads of young fellas knocking around horny as hell and looking to get shagged – easy pickings for a horny sort like me! But come the winter, strewth, things get dull. It's okay if you've got a regular geezer with a bloody big knob, but if you haven't, you can't half get frustrated.

This winter I was really pissed-off. Summer had been something else and I'd had many a hunky young Scouser or



Mancunian. Well, when you work as a waitress round here there's no shortage of offers, specially if, like me, you've got big tits and a nice round bum. Then you can choose at your leisure – and I sure as bugger did that! God knows how many times I took some lad down on the sands to bonk his brains out! On one memorable occasion I even managed to entertain a trio of strapping Brummies in their transit parked by the funfair. Strewth, did we give the suspension some hammer that night as I took them all on, one after another, 'til they couldn't give me anything else.

How can I forget laying there with spunk dribbling out of my pussy, spunk going all sticky on my tits and my lipstick smeared all over, saying: "... But are you sure you can't get it up one more time?" Lovely!!!

Winter though was looking like a complete washout. I'd sit

around the caff for days on end waiting for someone to come in who wasn't under 60, getting more and more frustrated the less dick I got. I never thought I'd get any kind of sexy fun that winter, let alone all the fun I finally did get ...

'Under my raincoat I'm wearing a scarlet basque with black stockings and I'm feeling like a proper tart ...'

It was the middle of the afternoon when they came in. When I saw them enter the caff I thought, yeah, here's some bikers – there's bound to be a chance of a decent shag here! Then they took off their helmets and I realised there wasn't one among them under 50 and my spirits dropped once more – just what I needed: geriatric Hell's Angels! They'd hardly notice me, and even if they did the chances were none of them would be able to get it up, let alone give a horny lass like me a decent shagging.

How wrong I was! I hardly had a chance to walk up to where they were sat before one of them – a guy with a beard and grey hair – reached out and goosed me, getting a proper handful of my snatch, I can tell you! I wheeled round and fetched him a sharp one across the gob, calling him a 'dirty old man' and the like. He, however, wasn't bothered in the least.

"You're a sexy little bit of stuff," he grinned. "Wouldn't half fancy giving you one."

"Oh yeah?" I retorted. "In your dreams! I bet your blood pressure wouldn't stand it."

"Why don't you give me a try?" this old bastard chuckled lewdly, "you'll get a big surprise."

To tell the truth, I was

surprised – surprised this randy old sod had the bottle to try it on with me. After all, he had to be twice my age. Maybe it was that what made me stick around and get talking to these blokes. They seemed nice enough and, well, I've heard what they say about older blokes!

It turned out they were bikers – into old British bikes; Nortons and BSA's and what have you, and were also pretty keen on photography and all. "Yeah," mentioned the old lad who'd goosed me (whose name was 'Mitch'), "We'll take pictures of everything and anything."

"Everything?" I asked saucily. "What? Naked women and all?"

Mitch stroked his beard. "When we can find a decent type



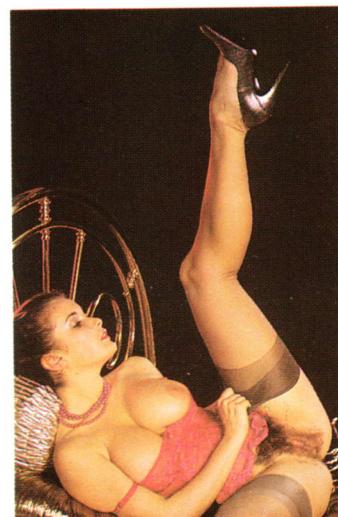
who'll give it a go" he said, "I mean, you'd be fantastic but I doubt you'd be interested . . ."

10.30 p.m. A hotel room off the seafront. Me and a bunch of fifty something fellas, each of them clutching a camera as they waited for me to get my kit off. Under my raincoat I'm wearing a scarlet basque with black stockings and feeling like a proper tart. I can't believe I'm going to do this, but the idea seems like such fun I could hardly resist!

"Right, Stella," said Mitch, "you ready, luv?"

I nodded and threw off my coat. A chorus of gasps filled the tiny room as I sprawled over the bed and took up a horny pose with my hands on my tits and my legs wide apart. "Right, lads?" said Mitch, "get snapping!!"

The flashbulbs started exploding as the old boys began





to photograph me from every conceivable angle. Now, the agreement had been that I'd just wear sexy undies, nothing about me flashing my twat or what have you, but as the time wore on I began to feel randier and randier and it wasn't long before I had my tits out and was playing with them, pinching my nipples and pressing my boobs together like I was dying for some geezer to ram his knob between them. Then I whipped off my tiny knickers and let them see my bushy twat. That got plenty of approval from this bunch of dirty old geezers.

"Kin'ell, Stella!" one of them wheezed. "You're giving me a bleedin' lob on!"

"Fucking right!" gasped another. "If you aren't careful I'm gonna have to nip to the bog and have a wank!"

The thought of turning on all the old dudes was doing amazing things to me and I suddenly called out: "Look, if you want to have a wank just do it right here - I won't mind one bit!"

Whoops! That was the cue for

'... It wasn't long before I had my tits out and was playing with them, pinching my nipples ...'

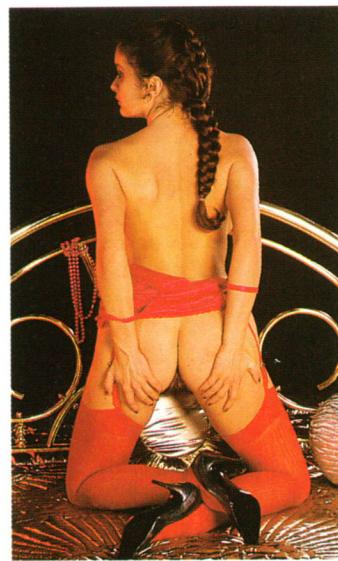
all five of them to start going mental. All of a sudden there were stiff pricks everywhere and, what was more, most of them weren't too bad! Mitch had a right horn on him and the very sight of all that cock had my cunt drooling with desire.

"Fuck it!" I groaned. "Come here and give us a shagging - I've never had a guy your age!!!" I moaned, diddling my fanny with my fingers as Mitch advanced, clutching his stiffie in his fist.

Bloody hell! Could he shag or what?! As his big prick drilled into my twat, the others clustered around, begging for me to suck or wank their dicks. I was getting it everywhere - blokes rubbing off on my big tits, blokes pushing their tools up to my lips so I could blow-job them, blokes trying to get Mitch out of my slit so they could have a go.

"Ohhhh, yeah!" I groaned, feeling Mitch ream my pussy like a stud half his age. "That feels fucking wonderful!"

Anything else I might have had to say was rapidly silenced



as a huge knobbly cock brushed against my lips all sweaty and oozing droplets of come all over my cheek as it slid over my made-up face while I chased it with my long tongue, finally managing to capture the big head between my lips and give it a thorough sucking.

And I was coming like fuck knows what, so excited by this gang-bang I could hardly believe it. You think you've seen some spunk in dirty movies? Hah, you weren't there that night!!!

So maybe Morecombe in the winter isn't so bad these days. Mind you, I wouldn't know, since I moved down to London a few weeks after that fuck-fest. I know one thing, though - older guys are just as horny and energetic as any younger fella, plus, they're a lot more grateful!



raver from Rio

Name: Sandha

Age: 21

Home-Town: Rio De Janeiro

Occupation: Dancer

Marital Status: Single

I love London! Ever since I arrived in England from Rio eight months ago I've enjoyed myself so much that I don't know whether I want to go home at all. Then again, I do miss the sunshine and my friends on the Copacabana. But one thing I'm certainly not missing is my very favourite thing - sex! That's what I adore and since being in London I've had a whole string of lovers. You English men know what a girl like me goes for: lots and lots of lovely hard fucking!

It was Darren who said I should write this for his favourite magazine, Men Only. I'm ever so excited thinking about all you lovely English men reading about what a bad little girl I am and the wicked things I did with Darren and all of his friends.

We had been at a party until late, and by the time we got home I was very horny and wanting to suck Darren's oh-so-big cock. I'm an expert at sucking and really enjoy doing it, especially when they start to spurt all in my mouth. I was annoyed that there were still two of Darren's friends, Murray and Paul, there but in many ways I was feeling so sexy I almost didn't care, and when Darren went to the

kitchen to make coffee I went in after him and started rubbing my hands up and down the front of his jeans, feeling his big cock growing bigger under the material. "Let me give you a suck, Darren!" I whispered, "I can do it here and your friends won't know."

Darren wasn't too sure as there's no door to the kitchen and Paul and Murray were only around the corner, but when I slipped to my knees and started rubbing my face against his swollen-up crotch and licking it all over he knew he couldn't stop me even if he wanted to, so he just stood there as I unbuttoned his jeans and pulled out his big cock.

It's such a beauty! So big and long and I love having it in my mouth. I started to suck him, giving



him a wank with my hand gripping the bottom of it really tight while my head went back and forth. Pretty soon his cock was starting to twitch like he was going to shoot it all in my mouth. Oh yes! Oh yes please!!

Then suddenly Darren pulled away and I heard him swearing and didn't know why. Then I looked up and saw Paul and Murray standing at the door looking at us like they were amazed. "Blimey!" said Paul to Darren, "when you

'I'm a bit of an expert at cock-sucking and really enjoy it when they spurt it all in my mouth ...'



private parts

said Sancha liked sex we never thought she was that keen!"

"I looked up Darren. "You tell your friends about me?" I asked. "What have you been saying?" I made like I was angry, but actually I was very excited. Murray and Paul were rather nice guys. I liked them and maybe if things were right we could all fuck!"

"Maybe you tell them about my horny little tits," I said, getting to my feet and pulling the top of my dress down to show them my boobs. "Maybe you tell them how hard my nipples get, huh?"

I started to stroke and squeeze my nipples, making them all hard and stiff as I enjoyed my boyfriend's face going bright red. Then I pulled up my skirt. Underneath I had on these tight, very sexy panties you could see right through.

"Did you tell them about my pussy, Darren?" I continued, now rubbing my hand over my cunt. "Did you tell them how hot it is? How tight it feels when you put your cock up there?"

"Shit!" I heard Paul say. I looked to see him rubbing the crutch of his trousers. He looked like he had a



their zippers. My eyes went big with delight as they undid their trousers. They were big boys! I looked at Darren. "Oh God, Darren!" I said, "I really want to –"

"Go on then," he said. I went towards Murray and Paul and took a hold of their big cocks, wanking them as I kneeled down and had a lick of them both. I was in cock sucking heaven and didn't stop as the boys allowed me to lick and suck their cocks steadily until all you could hear was the noises of me sucking and the boys all moaning and groaning.



arse in the grass

Name: Teresa

Age: 22

Home-Town: St Albans

Occupation: Receptionist

Marital Status: Married

Reading a recent edition of *Men Only* I came across an ever so dirty story about a husband and wife who set up a naughty photo session with their well-endowed neighbour. Seeing that instantly got me thinking about the things myself and my husband got up to with our dirty photo sessions. You see, we love nothing better than to go out and take naughty snaps of me posing wickedly in public places, and on several occasions this has led to some well-filthy adventures, such as the one about which I'm writing to you now.

It was a beautiful summer day and Jerry had suggested it was a perfect opportunity for some horny snaps and I was absolutely into the idea. I put on a skimpy summer dress and some tight white knickers (Jerry says they give me that school-girly look!) and headed to the local park. Just that week Jerry had purchased a long lens for his camera and the idea was he should sneak around in the bushes while I disported myself on the grass like I wasn't aware he was there – kinky, eh? But it certainly appealed to the two of us!

So off we went and it wasn't long before things were going swimmingly and I was sprawled out in the grass, kicking my long legs out and flashing my knickers for Jerry's lens. What a thrill!

Particularly when I rolled down my briefs to bare my quim. There were people passing by not fifty yards from where I was laying and that only made it even more exciting. How more thrilling could it get?

The answer was plenty. For, as I was flirting for Jerry's camera, I had failed to notice that my husband wasn't the only one watching me. It was only out of the corner of my eye that I noticed him and even then it hardly registered that this young chap in the shell suit, smoking a cigarette as he lay back on the grass, had seen what I was up to. But then I glanced towards him a second time and saw very clearly that he had his hand thrust firmly down the front of his trousers and that hand was massaging a highly obvious lump rearing up and out from his groin.

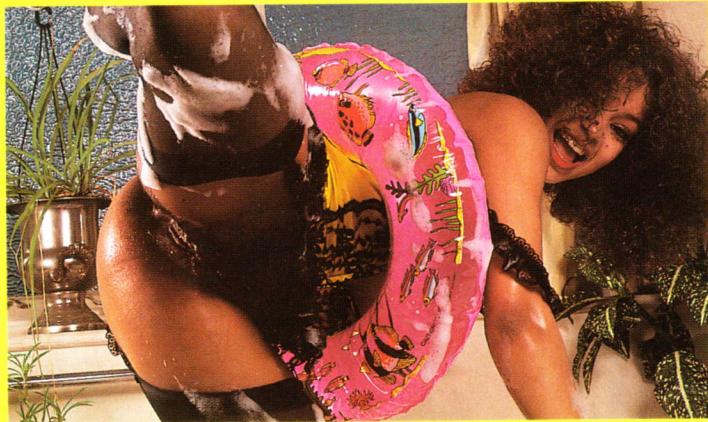
At first, I didn't know what to make of this unexpected and highly appreciative audience. But the thought of a handsome young bloke wanking himself silly over the sight of my pussy really got me going. I knew Jerry hadn't seen him and so I redoubled my flashing, tugging down my knickers and this time placing my hand against my crotch and rubbing my



swollen pussy lips. I was actually playing with myself in full view of this young guy and getting one hell of a cheap thrill from doing so!

As I glanced over at him once again I got a proper fright, for now the lad was walking over towards me! As he came closer I got a better look at him and liked what I saw, especially the bulge that was filling out his shell-suit pants. He walked right up to me and plonked himself down really close.

"Do you like flashing your



'Did you tell them,' I said, 'how much I love seeing men with their cocks all hard and stiff?'

big hard-on. Murray looked like he had the same thing. I was enjoying myself a lot now, pulling my panties right up into the crease of my hot little pussy so they could see absolutely everything. "Did you tell them," I said, "how much I love seeing men with their cocks all hard and stiff and ready for it?"

Murray and Paul's hands went to



Then suddenly I felt something else as Darren came up behind and started to rub my pussy from behind. He pulled off my panties and began to slide two fingers into my squelchy, sticky pussy, sliding them in and out like he was fucking me. That told me I wanted the real thing, not just his fingers! And Darren realised that, because then his fingers slipped from me to be replaced by the thick shaft of his prick squeezing all the way up me as I moaned through the big cocks in my mouth and gripped Darren's cock in my tight poon as hard as I could. Here I was getting all the English cock I wanted and I was loving every little bit of it!

I can't remember ever having such a hot night of sex in my life. Darren, Murray and Paul screwed me in turn all over the house. I was shagged over the sofa, the washbasin, the fridge, even in the bath! I had so much sex it was amazing, and if things carry on like this then I'm never going home!



pussy?" he demanded with a saucy smile. I didn't know what to think and looked over to where Jerry had concealed himself – he must surely have seen the lad by now. Yes he had, but the wave he gave me from the bushes told me one thing for certain – carry on talking!

Now I had my hubby's tacit approval I felt a lot more bold. "Did you like what you saw?" I asked the guy. "Did it give you a stonker?"

"Sure did," he replied, indicating the thick ridge in his trousers, "It aches like hell."

"I suppose you want me to do something about it," I said. The guy grinned shyly. "That'd be smart," he answered, "but there's hundreds of people around."

"No need to worry," I told him, rolling over so my fanny was pressed right close to his face, "If we do it right no one'll know."

I didn't quite believe myself, but then I was so aroused I didn't really care any more. The fella could tell, too. "Your knickers are damp," he commented, reaching out a hand to rub the tight crutch of my panties.

"Damp with my juice," I replied. "You like licking a woman's juices?"

He nodded and before I knew it his face was pressed right into my

'The thought of a young bloke wanking himself silly over my pussy really got me going . . .'

crutch and I could feel his tongue rasping against the front of my knickers as he slurped my cream through them. Hastily I threw my skirt over his head and lay back on the grass. If anyone saw us, I reasoned to myself, hopefully they'd think we were just a couple of drunks.

I felt my knickers being pulled aside and seconds later his tongue was worming its way between my satiny petals. I couldn't believe this – here I was, getting licked out in the middle of the park! I'd almost forgotten about Jerry till I saw the glint of his camera as the sun caught it suddenly and realised he



was still snapping away. The lad's tongue was driving deep into my wet muff and the tingling sensations were really quite something. I felt my thighs tense as he started to flick his tongue against the hardened nub of my clitty. "Oh God!!!" I gasped, "I'm coming! I'm actually coming!!!"

And I was – I lost all sense of where I was for a while as the electric sensations flooded my pussy and spread right through me. Blindly, I reached out and stuck my hand down the front of his trousers, grasping his cock and wrapping my fingers tightly around the girth, wanking for all I was

worth. I felt his cock grow massively, felt it twitch and jerk then felt a huge bloated spurt of spunk billow out over my fingers. "Harder!" he gasped, "Harder, wank it harder!!! I did just that, milking his length for as much as it could give up.

Jerry was mighty pissed off. Not about this dirty session with a complete stranger, but because he hadn't got the pictures he really wanted. Not to worry, however, as Mike (that was the guy's name) was more than happy to accompany us home and pose for some really horny (and far dirtier)

pictures in the more discreet surroundings of our bedroom.

Once there, I got all dressed up in my sexiest gear, these really tarty black seamed stockings and a frilly garter belt with a bra two sizes too small that made my 34C tits look much bigger, and a very tight, sheer g-string.

As Mike sat naked on the bed Jerry snapped away as I took his tool in my hand and wanked him to full erection before starting to suck it and let my husband get in close for some ever so filthy close-up knob-gobbling shots before I sprawled back and had Mike lick

'The lad's tongue was driving deep into my pussy and the sensations were really quite something . . .'

my twat once again (this time Jerry got some amazing pictures of his tongue really tickling my clit!) and then I was allowed to straddle Mike and feed his cock to my pussy, riding it so hard I came almost immediately, moaning and crying out like I hadn't been fucked in ages. Jerry was so aroused by the sight of me with a stranger's cock in my pussy for the first time he couldn't resist producing his bulging cock and letting me experience the horny thrill of having a cock both in my mouth and in my pussy. It was a first for us both and something I don't think I'll ever forget!

Now our sex life is even better as Jerry has admitted to me he's never been so turned on as when he saw his pretty wife really going to town with another man's cock. For my part, I'm completely delighted – after all, how many husbands not only allow their wives to screw other men, but actively encourage them to do it? Our outdoor photography sessions have been on the increase as well

Perhaps next time I won't wear any knickers to give it an extra thrill. You never know, it could be better than last time!

And if it produces another sex-filled chance encounter like the one with Mick, then we'll certainly write and let you know!





Tessa in the tub

Name: Tessa

Age: 25

Home-Town: Farnborough

Occupation: Seamstress

Marital Status: Married

So there I was, drenched from head to toe, my skimpy blouse clinging to my full boobs as I pushed them together lewdly, my thighs spread wide as I dipped a hand between my legs to pull my cunt-lips wide apart. "Well, guys?" I asked, a lascivious grin on my lips. "Like what you see?"

Andrew and John nodded. They were both starkers, both sporting the biggest hard-ons you ever saw and both eager to fuck the living daylights out of me. Not that I minded – after all, where was my husband...? In Bahrain, that's where!

Andrew gripped his cock in his fist as though he wanted to wank himself off. "Hey!" I said. "I thought you were going to take pictures first!"

It was a long story, but I'll try to keep it brief. When Ray, my old man,

But now it wasn't just going to be pictures. These guys were completely nude and their cocks... well, they were so big and huge and red and engorged with lust for my body I couldn't see them holding out much longer. "Get your cameras out," I said desperately, "I want some rude piccies of me before we go any further."

"Come on then," answered John, "Let's see you get really filthy!"

What a challenge! The water slopped over the side of the bath as I spread my legs as wide as I could so



... I greedily gobbled his cock between my open lips as hard and as deeply as I could . . .

they could get a decent close-up of my twat. I slipped a couple of fingers inside and stirred them around – it was really a question of lust and whose could hold out the longest.

"We're going to fuck you, Tessa," grinned Andrew and he wiggled his cock at me tauntingly. "We're going to stick these fuckers right up your cunt and make you scream."

"I wish!" I groaned, thrusting my fingers deeper and strumming my clit

harder and harder as their dirty talk got me more and more aroused. The flashbulbs of their cameras exploded, capturing me masturbating lewdly for all eternity. But that didn't bother me – it only turned me on even more!

"Fuck it" I cried, close to orgasm already, "I can't take much more of this – Andrew, come here and let me suck your fucking cock!"

Andrew was there in an instant, thrusting his huge phallus towards my

glossy lips. "Oh yes!" I gasped, seizing it around the base and wrapping my lips around it. "Get some pictures of this, John!" said Andrew as I gobbled his cock as hard and as deeply between my lips as I could. John moved in close, clicking away as he captured me licking every inch of Andrew's huge wang, even sucking each of his big balls into my mouth one by one. All the same, my aching pussy was still unattended to and I wanted that situation remedied and I wanted it pronto!

"Screw the pictures!" I said, "now I want some of your tool!"

I pulled Andrew down into the



three for dee

Name: Dee

Age: 30

Home-Town: Brentford

Occupation: Produce Supervisor

Marital Status: Married

Naughty threesomes? Love 'em! You see, I knew I was bisexual long before I met Jim, my husband. But it was only when we got together I really had the opportunity to explore my horniest fantasies as Jim was as turned on by the idea of having a bi-wife as I was by his agreeing to make threesomes a regular feature of our sex life.

We advertise in contact mags and have met all kinds of horny single girls and couples who are really into the idea of swinging, but the one we both agreed was the best was the time when I seduced this girl from Jim's work called Natasha.

She was 21 and right dirty little flirt. She had the hots for my hubby and wasn't shy about showing it, always coming on to him with her skirts right up to her fanny and low cut blouses and tops that showed

off her big tits (37 double 'D' – she made a point of telling him). Jim had to admit he'd been tempted but hadn't done anything untoward. Then one day he showed me some snaps from the works party and I saw her for the first time, looking very sexy in a bright orange sweater-dress. I was pretty turned on by the thought of having lezzie sex with a tart like that and told Jim so. Then, of course, the workings of my wicked mind being what they are an idea popped into my head.

"Jim," I said, "If I said you could screw Natasha as long as I could have a bit of fun afterwards, what would you say?"

As I revealed my plan to my husband he was delighted, as was I – I couldn't wait to put this scheme into operation!

It was Friday night and I was waiting for them to arrive. I was all sexed-up in my naughty sussies and what have you. Suddenly I heard the rattle of the key in the front door. That was my cue to go and hide in the kitchen, leaving the serving hatch to the front room open just a tiny bit.

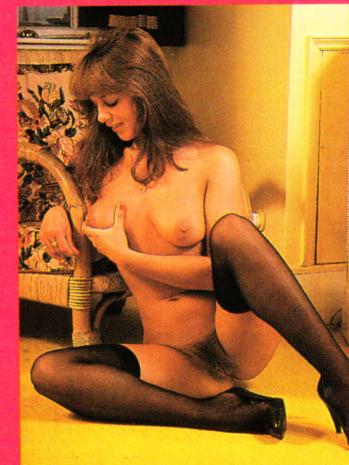
In walked Jim and Natasha. Wow, did she look the business!

won't be back for ages so we can get up to anything we like."

"Mmmm, sounds fabbo!" giggled the slut and she tiptoed up to Jim in her high heels and gave him the biggest smacker right on the lips.

"Suck me tits," she panted, pulling down her top and flopping those big boobs free. "Go on, make me nipples tingle."

I watched with rising lust as Jim took her big brown teats in his mouth one by one and sucked



'I let my housecoat fall open so I could tickle my twottie while I eagerly watched them . . .'

She was wearing this ever so tight, ever so short white skirt and a plunging top that really made the most of her cleavage. I let my housecoat fall open so I could tickle my twottie as I eagerly watched them.

"You sure your wife's not 'ere?" asked Natasha, as Jim fixed a couple of drinks for them both. "She's over at her sisters," my husband lied – I'd never realised he was such a good actor. "She

hard. Her hands had strayed down to his groin and she quickly unzipped his trousers and pulled out his erect cock. This was fantastic and my fingers quickened their pace as I saw her rubbing Jim's purple erection. Pretty soon they were well into it and so was I, getting really moist and juicy between my thighs as I watched Natasha suck my husband's cock then straddle his lap to feed his big fat knob into her cunt.

went overseas for six months, we agreed that, yes, I could have the odd fling – within reason. After all, I have the normal needs any young woman has and I was going to get very frustrated if they weren't attended to. But then I met Andrew and John down at the pub and, even though I was only looking for one fellas, I just fell for them both. Photography was mentioned – dirty photographs. Well, what better welcome home prezzy for Ray than some really horny pictures of his missus? I jumped at the chance!



'... I felt John's cock expand in my mouth and then explode, shooting his spunk over my lips and tongue ...'

water and took a hold of his erection, squatting over that prick as I lowered myself down on to it. Yes, yes, yes!!! It felt so good, going all the way up my tight pussy, feeling it go in all the way. "Fuck me hard" I cried. "Fuck 'til I go out of my fucking mind!!!!"

"You like it hard, huh?" grunted Andrew. "Well, I'll give it to you as hard as you bloody like!"

He wasn't lying – up came his hips, and the water started splashing out of

the bath as he really poked my pussy. God, was this some shagging I was getting! And then I noticed that John had given up on the photography game and was coming over to join in the fun. "You want it both ends?" he demanded, "you want to suck as you get fucked?"

"Mmmmm, yes!" I moaned, out of control by now, "gimme, gimme GIMME – mmmnnn!!!" I took his long hard-on between my lips and sucked it as deeply into my mouth as I could, rolling my tongue round its

shiny head and that veiny shaft as I sucked and sucked. This was sex at its most basic, really animalistic and thinking about nothing more than absolute pleasure. And that was what I was getting now, my fanny contracting and spasming around Andrew's prick as my orgasm hit. I yelled in delight as much as I could with a mouthful of thick prick and then I was over the edge, coming harder and harder as I felt John's cock

expand massively in my mouth and then explode, shooting his spunk over my lips and tongue. It was dribbling down my chin in thick, sticky rivulets as I desperately tried to swallow as much as I could. But that wasn't possible and I let the rest splurge all over my tits as, right on cue, Andrew hauled his cock from my pussy and let loose a tremendous gusher of come on my belly and tits, so I was dripping – absolutely *dripping* – with spunk.

"Yeahhhh!" I sighed, looking down at my sperm-sticky body, "that's exactly what I needed... *Exactly!*" I was grateful that this had happened in the bath – I was in need of a good wash!

Well, Ray never saw those pictures, though he did see some others we took the week after. What he never knew, however, was the fun we had taking them. Somehow I think it's probably better that way.



thought . . . I mean, I never knew!"

"I don't want to hear your excuses!" I snarled. "There's no way out of it now, is there?" Then I pretended to soften a little. "... Or is there?" I asked. Natasha looked utterly confused: "What do you mean?" she said, "I'll just go if that's what you want . . ."

"No," I replied, "you don't have to go – not when you're obviously having so much fun. No . . ." I let the words hang there a while. "No, we could have some real fun here. You're a very attractive girl – tell you what: I'll say nothing more if you'll let *me* join in the fun."

The look on her face was priceless, but I could see her drawn between wondering what the hell I had in mind and her obvious love of my husband's cock. "Come here," I told her, "cos if you think you can have a good time screwing my husband, then you don't really

intended to use all my expertise on this one. It wasn't long before she was moaning and groaning like a good 'un as I gave her clit a proper going over. Ohhh, did she like that! Natasha was overcoming whatever inhibitions she might have had about being licked out by another woman very fast indeed. Her moans and tiny cries of delight told me that alright. I lifted my head from between her thighs, noticing Jim wanking off as he watched me licking that twat. "Suck my hubby's cock!" I told her. "Wank him over your fat tits so I can lick his come off them!"

Jim knelt beside her head and guided his cock into her mouth. "Suck him good!" I shouted, "I know you can!"

And she could. To tell the truth, it was probably a better gobble than I could have mustered. And it had the desired effect. Within five

minutes Jim was moaning like crazy, pulling his cock out of her mouth as it started to spurt. I watched his cream rain down on Natasha's boobs as I finger-fucked her with three fingers. My hubby's load covered those big knockers and, as good as my word, I quickly brought my tongue down on those big quivering tits and sucked up every last bloody drop of it while Jim wasted no time in taking my place between Natasha's thighs and giving her even more oral stimulation.

We really enjoyed ourselves that night. Natasha wasn't as unwilling to participate in a threesome as you might have earlier imagined – in fact, her pussy licking skills were pretty good, especially when I straddled her face while Jim gave her a good rogering at the other end. It was a cracking night and ever since Natasha's been a regular visitor to our place. She says we're the horniest people she's ever met and can't get enough of us . . . Well, it saves on those magazine ads, I suppose!

'She made no resistance as I eased her down on to the sofa and spread her thighs wide to lick her pussy . . .'

know what a good time is . . ."

Uncertainly, Natasha climbed off my husband's cock and walked towards me. I took her fine big tits in the palm of each hand and squeezed. "Ummm," I breathed, "what a good-looking girl you are. I'd really love to lick that cunt of yours and taste your juice – I bet you taste totally delicious."

She made no resistance as I eased her down on to the sofa and spread her thighs wide to duck my head into her pussy. I could sense her tenseness, but all that evaporated as my tongue made contact with her rich silky quim and dragged gently up between her fleshy petals, probing and teasing her clit from its hood. I'm an expert at going down on a woman and I



"Ohhh!" she cried, "I've been wanting to do this for ages! Oooohhhhhh!!!!"

I watched for a while, so turned on by seeing my husband fuck this tart that I nearly forgot my role in this little drama. I waited until Jim had made her come once, then I decided it was time to make my grand entrance.

"So you bastard!" I shouted dramatically, "This is what you do when you think I'm out of here – screw some sleazy slag, eh?"

Natasha looked so shocked it was hard not to burst out laughing. Jim, though, played his part perfectly: "Oh my God, Dee!" he gasped, "What the hell are you doing here?"

"That's not the point, is it?" I ranted. "The question is: what the hell are you doing fucking this big-boobed floozie?"

Natasha still had Jim's cock up her and she looked so terrified I couldn't believe it. "So," I accused her, "thought you could shag my husband, did you?"

"I'm sorry!" she pleaded, "I never





chamber made!

Name: Adrienne

Age: 26

Home-Town: Stalybridge

Occupation: Company PA

Marital Status: Single

The conference was in London. My boss had told me the hotel was all set and I should check in early evening for a 9.30 start the next morning. The room was surprisingly luxurious, but then the firm could afford it, I suppose – one of the perks you get in my position. All the same I wasn't too pleased that the bed was unmade and, tired and naked after the long train journey from Manchester, I called reception and asked them in no uncertain terms to sort it out – just call me power-crazed!

Thinking it'd take them ages to get things straight I decided a bath was called for and ran a nice hot tub.

THE WRITE STUFF

Looking for something to stuff into a stocking this Xmas (other than the wife's leg, that is)? MO's regular review of quality literature could steer you in the proper direction . . .

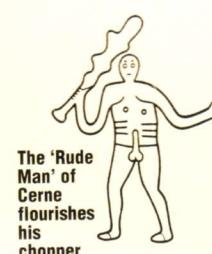
• Consider, if you will, the humble wang. Something a chap can't really do without, eh? And a simple beast, with simple wants and needs (discounting a night of erotic bliss with Cindy Crawford and a vat of Chivers Raspberry flavoured jelly). But, in

essence, a fellow we know everything there is to know about, right? Well, think again, for in *Facts and Phalluses – Hard Facts That Stand Up*

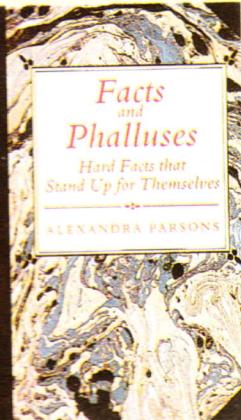


For Themselves (Souvenir Press, £5.99) authoress Alexandra Parsons has produced a tasteful little tome telling you

everything you weren't a 100% sure you wanted to know about the most vital organ since the Mighty Wurlitzer. Did you know that if you straightened out all the tubes in your 'nads they'd measure more than a kilometre? Or that the Peguan menfolk of South Burma used to insert gold and silver balls under the skin of their choppers? Or that the male Emperor Penguin has only one orgasm a year? Well, now you do and a further perusal of Ms

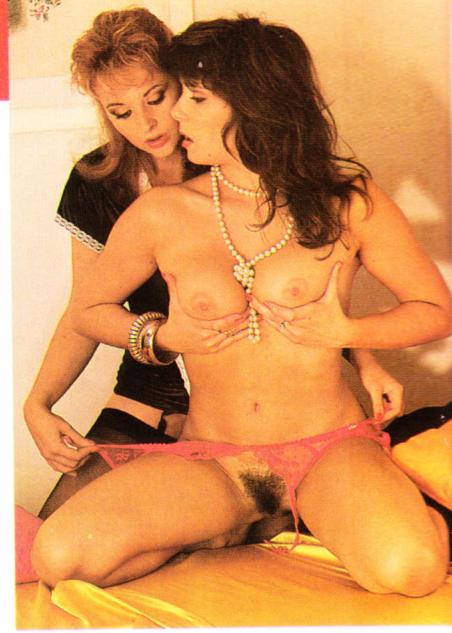


Parson's volume will tell you much more. Providing, that is, you actually want to know . . .



"Margarethe," she said sweetly. I nodded and let the towel drop, trying not to let it show how excited I was to be naked in front of this gorgeous creature. I was desperately playing it cool as I coyly padded across the room to where I'd left my clothes on a chair. Slowly, I gathered up my silk stockings and extended my leg towards Margarethe as I rolled it over my foot. My pussy was on full view to this lovely girl and she was hardly blinking an eye. Could she? I wondered. Was she?

"Have you got a boyfriend, Margarethe?" I enquired rolling on my stockings and fastening my suspender belt around my waist. Now Margarethe blushed at last as she shook her head. "No boyfriend, no," she said, a slight giggle in her voice. I



raised an eyebrow. "Don't you like boys?" I said. "Don't they do anything for you? I thought you Scandinavian girls loved sex."

She shrugged her slender shoulders. "I love sex," she admitted, "but not with boys – not all the time."

An awesome ache rippled through my pussy. Had I got lucky, or what? I tried to control myself, but it wasn't very easy. "How odd," I commented, "I'm exactly the same . . ."

Our eyes made contact and stayed that way for several moments. "You are a very attractive woman," Margarethe said quietly. "Very erotic, very sensual . . ."

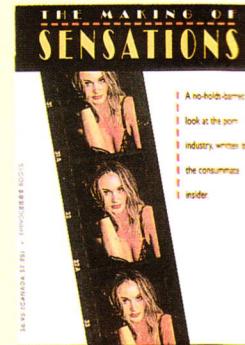
Well, I'd never been called that before, but the way she said it she could have called me a London bus and it would have sounded the sexiest thing in the world. I finished clipping my stockings to my suspenders and stood up, letting my breasts bounce in front of me, my nipples already hardening as I walked towards her. Margarethe's eyes had assumed a



• From the same publishers comes *Your Good Health! The Medicinal Benefits Of Wine Drinking* by Dr E. Maury, clearly a man we up here on the Fifth Floor can relate to. Dr Maury has no truck with abstemious brigade who smugly inform you that 'that glass of Chateau de Braindeath has taken thirty-seven seconds off your life, you know!' – shortly before they become less smug upon finding they're heading for the restaurant window at Mach 6. And quite right, too. Discover this wondrous book and its litany of marvellous claims for the efficacy of the grape. Gasp in wonder as it is revealed that Medoc can help prevent your arteries hardening; squeal in glee as Doc Maury shows how Beaujolais does wonders in the fight against bacterial infections; rush to the off-license at high speed as it is proved the all good wines promote mental well-being and relieve stress (something folks around here have known for ages). In short, a fantastic book and one that will not be used as an excuse for getting pissed this Christmas (will it, eh?) Just the thing for the household toper, eh?

• In the aftermath of Linda Lovelace's gunk-guzzling efforts in 1972's 'Deep Throat' just about everyone who was anyone tried clambering on the porno-flick carousel, among them the UK's premier campaigner for sexual liberation, Ms Tuppy Owens.

For a few years after '72 porno movies were actually quite fun, as opposed to the stereotyped shot-on-video pap you encounter nowadays and one of the better efforts was Lasse Braun's '75 meisterwerk, 'Sensations', starring among others 'Tupps' herself. Now you can read her no-holes-barred account of the experience in *The Making Of Sensations* (Rhinoceros Press, US import), and most horny, too, full of the sort of thing you don't usually hear about in other movie star's memoirs – even though you wouldn't half like to!



TUPPY OWENS
AUTHOR OF THE SEX MANIAC'S GUIDE

and I could do no more than her delicate arms to embrace me. I pulled her to me and my lips found hers. She tasted delicious – good enough to eat. As we held each other close my hands rummaged at the back of her uniform and located the zipper, gradually tugging it down all the way before easing it off her smooth-skinned shoulders. The catch of her bra proved no less difficult an obstacle and there she stood before me, naked save for her panties and her long black stockings. Her milky-white skin was simply perfection itself, her boobs were small yet well rounded and firm, capped by those delightfully-pink nipples that stiffened in eager



anticipation as I caressed her bosom.

"Ahhh!" she breathed in that sexy accent, "is feeling so nice!"

I lowered my head and captured each rigid bud in turn, drawing it deep between my lips and sucking in a way that couldn't have failed to communicate my lust and need to her. She responded by cupping my boobs in her delicate fingers, caressing them, then sliding her hands lower to the hillocks of my backside before drawing one index finger between my thighs and skimming it lightly over the mound of my pussy.

"You are wet!" she sighed, "ready for loving." She started to kiss my boobs, planting each kiss lower every time as her head moved down my body towards the tops of my thighs.

This was no young and innocent girl – she knew all the tricks, and what



was more, I was going to find out all she knew! I let Margarethe take command and manoeuvre me towards the bed, laying me down on my back with my legs dangling over the edge. She crouched down in front of me and began kissing every inch of my body, all the way down to my toes, taking each toe in turn into her adorable mouth and sucking on them hard as I wriggled and squirmed in delight.

And then she started to move upwards again, dragging her tongue up the insides of my thighs so hard and so slowly I thought I was going to cry out in delight even before her tongue reached my pussy.

And then she had her lips positioned so close to my quim I could feel the heat of her breath upon my sticky folds. "Your cunt smells lovely," she murmured. "I will enjoy this. I know it."

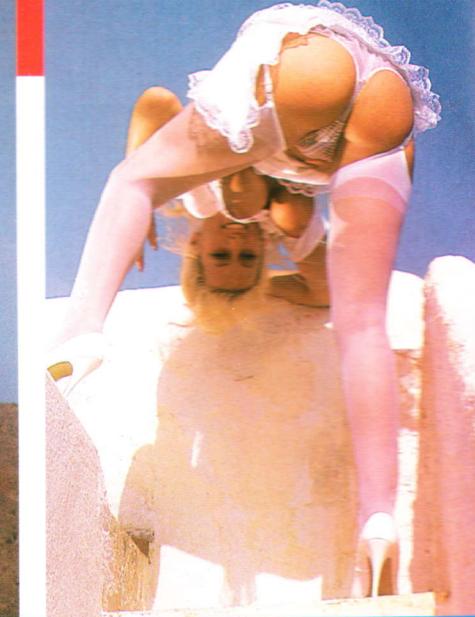
Somehow I knew I was going to enjoy it even more – and as Margarethe eased her tongue between my labia and began to explore my inner wetness, I threw back my head and moaned with complete bliss. Her tongue was incredible, working its way into my every crease, prising apart my folds to stab repeatedly at my clitoris, coaxing it from its hiding place and licking it into sensitive hardness.

"Ohhhh yesssss!!!!" I cried. "harder, Margarethe! Lick me harder and make me cummm!!!!"

She knew. The little minx knew, and her tongue increased its speed as the room began to swim and the overwhelming sensations crackled through my every nerve until my whole boy was alive with incredible feeling I thought would never end.

But it had to end and as my climax peaked I felt Margarethe cover her body with mine, felt her slide higher and higher up my body till I could smell and taste the fresh musky odour of her pussy as she offered it towards my mouth. I was determined to service her as well as she had me and licked and lapped at her pussy with a frenzy I hardly knew I was capable of achieving. For her part, Margarethe seemed to love, moaning in her native tongue as she squeezed and kneaded her hard breasts and her spicy juices gushed over my lips and chin.

The conference was a roaring success on all counts. I performed my duties impeccably, according to my boss – who knows, promotion could well be on the cards! But as far as I'm concerned the only performance that really mattered was the one that happened that first night with my sexy Scandinavian chambermaid... and the night after that, and after that!!!



my confession

Name: Kate

Age: 20

Home-Town: Reading

Occupation: Clerical Worker

Marital Status: Engaged

It had been a great evening; a lovely drink at our favourite bar followed by a meal and a club and now the most wonderful fuck on Stewart's sumptuous silk sheets, his huge cock pumping vigorously between my swollen pussy lips, driving deep into me as I locked my legs around his taut bum and moaned with delirious pleasure. His thrusts were getting deeper and the sensations in my pussy were becoming more and more intense as my climax came upon me. I could feel my pussy contract and spasm harder and harder. Stewart could feel it too and

"What about it?" I asked. Stewart grinned – I could tell he had something up his sleeve.

"Well, it so happens that next week would be a good time to take it," he said. "You see, I know this time-share in the Algarve that's going begging then and I was wondering if . . ."

He didn't need to say any more. I was already smothering him in kisses and thanking him for his thoughtfulness. A week in Portugal! What could be more wonderful than to escape the drab English November for a week of sun, sea and . . . well, you know the other one!!

"So you're on for it, then?" he said – as if I was going to say no! "You can bet on it!" I smiled, still kissing him, only now I was moving lower and lower down his body in order to show him just

'He was literally filling my cunt right to the brim with spurt after spurt of his lovely hot cream . . .'

responded by thrusting even harder, hooking his hands under my bum and lifting me clear of the bed, humping me so hard my tits wobbled uncontrollably, the nipples huge and hard with absolute desire.

"Ohhhh!!!!" I almost screamed, "yes! Oh yes!!!!"

My orgasm ripped through me and my body tensed incredibly as I felt Stewart expand massively inside me and his spunk explode from his balls, rocketing deep into me, filling my tensed-up cunt to the brim with spurt after spurt of his lovely hot cream. . .

It was afterwards, as we savoured a post-coital fag, that Stewart came up with the biggest surprise of the whole night.

"You know you're owed a week's holiday at work?" he remarked casually. I nodded, taking a long drag on my B&H.





exactly how grateful I was . . .

Seventy-two hours or so later I had even more cause to be grateful. The place Stewart had booked us into was a paradise! You hear some proper horror stories about time-share apartments, but this wasn't one of them. It was a beautiful white-stone villa just a short distance from a sandy beach that was surrounded by palm trees. You could have thought it was Barbados rather than Portugal, it was so delightful. The interior was light and airy with a cool bedroom dominated by a massive four-poster bed. One look at that bed and I knew we simply had to christen it immediately. We were both tired after the flight and the taxi ride from the airport, but we found the energy somehow.

Afterwards, as Stewart dozed and I had a lovely long shower I reflected that I'd only been in Portugal three hours and I'd had four orgasms already! Somehow I had a feeling sex was going to play a huge part in this holiday.

I decided to unpack our things and it was then I found something that quite startled me.

I slid open one of the drawers and there, lying at the bottom, was a glossy magazine. I idly picked it up and was shocked to see, on the cover, a blonde model sucking the huge cock of this black guy! Clearly, this wasn't *Womens Own*, and neither was it anything like the naughty mags you could get back home. I sat down on the edge of the bed and flipped through the pages. If the cover was pretty lurid then things just got heavier the more I looked. Page after page showed people in every kind of position possible, fucking and sucking every which way. But the series

never knew the idea of two blokes did anything for you, Kate."

"Well, it doesn't really . . ." I began, but he could see I was fibbing by the look in my face (and the wetness of my minge!). "Okay," I admitted, "it does, but then I'm hardly going to tell my fiancé that, am I?"

Stewart put his arms around me. "I just want to make you happy," he said. "If having another guy would do that then it's fine by me."

"You wouldn't mind?" I replied, thrilled to hear him say it. Stewart shook his head. "Hey, you know how much I get turned

'I'd only been in Portugal three hours and I'd already had four gorgeous orgasms . . . !'

of pictures that really grabbed my attention showed a big-boobed blonde taking on two guys at once. I could feel my skin becoming prickly as I studied the pictures of her with a huge cock embedded in her fanny while she sucked on another equally-large cock. There was a hot feeling between my thighs and without my even realising it I dropped my hand between my legs and began to fondle my pussy as I continued to flick through the pages until I reached the last few shots where the two studs were shooting an incredible amount of spunk all over the blonde's face and tits. By then I was breathing hard and my fingers were working hard at my aching clitty . . .

"What's this? Having a sneaky frig, eh?" I yelled in surprise to find Stewart leaning over my shoulder and enjoying what he was seeing as much as me, if the state of his hard-on was anything to go by. I immediately felt ashamed and guilty for getting so turned on by this filth, but Stewart didn't seem in the least bit bothered by this.

"Wow!" he breathed, examining the spunky pics, "dirty stuff! I

on when you get turned on," he told me, "I mean, look at the state of my cock!"

I looked. He seemed even bigger than ever, the head massively swollen, a droplet of pre-cum leaking from the tip. I lowered my head and brushed my lips over the head. "I think," I murmured, "I'd better do something about that . . ."

The next few days were

wonderful, laying on the beach, eating in charming cafes, just enjoying life away from the everyday pressures. The subject of a threesome never raised its head again, but it was still at the front of my mind – I wasn't going to push it, though.

Then on the day before we were to leave, Stewart and I were fooling around on the patio. Someone had left a hose pipe laying around and Stewart, being a joker, had plugged it in and waited 'til I was dozing off in the sun before turning it on and giving me a thorough soaking. The bastard! All I was wearing was a light summer dress and it went see-thru in seconds. I grabbed the hose pipe from him and chased him around the patio, intending to give him a jet right in the goolies. Well, I got it in the nuts alright. Problem was, it wasn't Stewart I hit!

As I chased Stewart I didn't notice we weren't alone and, as Stewart ducked behind me, I whirled around, saw a male shape and let him have it. The



shriek of surprise I heard in response told me instantly I'd made a mistake – either that or Stewart had suddenly mastered the art of swearing in Portuguese. I looked up and there, drenched from head to toe, was this guy we'd seen around the apartment complex. He was a young local guy and we presumed him to be the janitor.

"Oh my God!" I cried, "I'm ever so sorry!"

Then Stewart appeared behind me and saw what had happened. He couldn't help but burst out laughing. For a moment I thought the janitor was going to flatten him, but then he too saw the funny side and joined in the laughter. It was then Stewart pointed out something else that completely changed the





'... With that, he pushed forward and impaled his cock in me, right up to the hilt ...'

complexion of things.

"You do realise, don't you?" he whispered, "this guy can see everything you've got."

It was true. My dress was utterly soaked and clinging to my full 36C boobs. Wet as I was, I might as well have been totally naked – no wonder this guy was grinning so much! Again, Stewart leaned towards me. "You got him wet," he said, "you ought to offer to dry him off."

He handed me a towel and nudged me towards the fellas. "You need to get dry?" I asked nervously, my heart pounding like a drum all of a sudden. This bloke's English wasn't too good, but he understood my sign language and grinned, nodding eagerly. I could see him feasting his eyes on my swaying tits as I approached him and started to towel his bare chest. He was quite a hunk, muscular and well-

built and as I touched him I felt a thrill run through me.

"Don't forget to dry his crotch," I heard Stewart suggest, "You soaked him pretty good there."

I ran my hands lower towards his clinging shorts. As I gently patted the damp area I suddenly felt his cock twitch and jerk. The Portuguese guy gave a little moan. "You'll never dry him properly like that," Stewart said, "Get his shorts off!"

Down they came as I peeled the elastic back. His cock sprung out, semi-stiff but already looking as big as the guys in that dirty book. Now there was no going back and I was in no mood to do so anyway – I just leaned forward, licked and kissed that salty prick and took it into my greedy little mouth as it grew bigger and bigger.

"Oh yeah!" I could hear Stewart moan. "That's the way!" I continued to blow-job the janitor, hearing him groan with increasing lust as his cock moved deeper and deeper into my

mouth. Then I felt Stewart come up behind me, felt his rigid member pressing up against the cheeks of my arse as he peeled away my sopping knickers and pressed the head of his cock up to the lips of my cunt.

"You wanted it," he breathed, "well here it is, Katie!" And with that he pushed forward and impaled his cock in me, right up to the hilt.

Well, I don't need to tell you how the afternoon went after that. We did everything a girl and two guys can do and, yes, I achieved my horniest fantasies, everything culminating in the biggest load of spunk I've ever received ... right over my tits!

Stewart and I are still engaged and looking to get married some time next year, but now we've had a taste for threesomes I think that little Algarve adventure won't be the last of it!



THE FILTH SCANNER

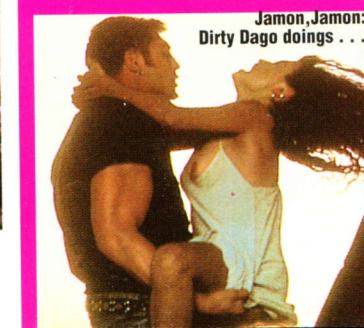
Looking for something to give you square eyes and lumpy trets? Well, our chap with the selection of dodgy video club membership cards, DIRK FESTER, should be able to sort you out . . .



Something downright odd thwacked on to the doormat of Fester Mansions this month. From the Blue Moon Co. of Biggin Hill ('Quality Mail Order Goods For Adults') comes *Self-loving*, a 'video portrait of female masturbation and orgasm in a sexuality seminar'. Blinkin' 'eck! thought Uncle Dirk as he read through the bumpf, it's all about lasses diddling their parts! Clearly, this was a subject that merited further investigation and, not having the requisite anatomical bits 'n' bobs, I immediately turned it over to the missus for a full and detailed review by the time I got back from seeing 'Ernie' down at the Ferret & Jockstrap about them 'Filipino travelogue' videos he recently sneaked through Felixstowe Customs in his Adidas holdall.

Returning home with a chicken tikka takeaway I was astonished to find the normally mild-mannered spouse cavorting on the World of Leather in a manner akin to Madonna with the belly-ache and performing genital aerobics not seen in my household since the last time ITV aired 'Top Gun'. The onion bhajis were all over the rug as I pressed her for a review of the said tape. It was, I was told, a guide to the innermost secrets of a woman's sexuality, an instruction on 'loving ones-self' and achieving full sexual growth, courtesy of Ms Betty Dodson, a Yank (natch) therapist who, it would seem, gets women to sit around and play with their parts to achieve said sexual growth. Well blow me! said I – not now, replied the wife, I'm too tired for any of that. And anyway, you stink of chana masala. Ummm, I'm not so sure about this 'self loving' lark, but if you feel intrepid enough to find out more then contact Blue Moon c/o Chippings, Single St, Biggin Hill, Kent, TN16 3AB.

After all that exertion Dirk needed something a little less,



erm, 'forward' to think about.

However, *Jamon Jamon* (Tartan Video) is completely loony, erotically charged and a helluva



lotta fun. In other words, the kind of flick I can dig, dude. Ignore the fact that the title translates as 'Ham, Ham' and fixate instead on the Latin sultriness of Penelope Cruz as the Spanish lass torn between a nude bullfighter, a Y-front tycoon and her son. Bet you're interested now, eh?

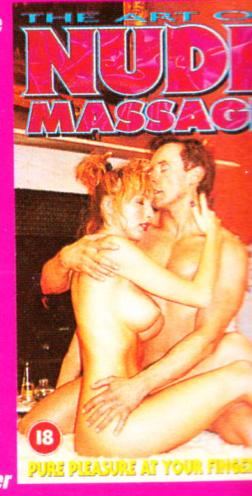
Elsewhere, things are pretty drab on the vulgar video front this month – maybe distributors don't think Crimbo and crumple go together too well. Obviously MIA video don't think along those lines, as they're flinging two more editions of their 'Electric Blue' pud-tug-a-thon

Members Only at the market this month. Vol. 5 features a PVC-clad sort doing the Catwoman Michelle Pfeiffer didn't dare do in 'Batman Returns', while Vol. 6 brings

you the outrageously-meloned Europorn-star Sarah Young (ex of this parish, of course) doing '18'-rated action with a room service waiter (it says here). Sexy Screen, meanwhile, furthers the cause of East-West relations with *Fantasies Moscovites*, bringing you lots of ex-Commie cuties getting down 'n' decadent for the cameras – and not a Lada in sight!

Anyhow, I'm off. After the wife's 'self-loving' fun it's only fair to give the old man a bash at *The Art Of Nude Massage* (MajorVision), innit? Now, where the hell did I leave that spray-on Crisp 'n' Dry?

Dirk Fester





camilla's column

Sympathetic and unashamedly sensual, there's nothing you can't tell Camilla. If you have any problems about your sexuality, or your love life, then write to Camilla's Column, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

Dear Camilla: I love looking at the sexy pictures of you and get so turned on by your gorgeous body. The pictures are really hot - I love the way you strip down to your underwear.

I was wondering if you got many letters from other women, because since I saw you in my husband's Men Only collection, I've been an avid fan of yours.

I did not think I could be attracted to another woman, but I love to look at your pictures and fantasise about unbuttoning your white blouse, revealing that tight little bra of yours and then running my hands over those sensational breasts, slowly pushing down the cups so your succulent nipples were in my adoring gaze. I would then flick my nails over those ripe buds to see if they are real as they look so good, so mouthwatering.

I then imagine you looking at me in that innocent way you do for the camera and holding up your tasty tits for my first sample of another girl's nipples. I usually lick and suck my own, wishing they were yours.

I then nervously kneel in front of you as you lower your lovely



boobs towards me. You smile and feed them into my open mouth, sighing as I encircle your erect nipples with my tongue then groaning as I suck greedily on each tantalising teat, harder and harder, greedily eating your luscious tit-flesh like crazy.

I hope you are not offended by my fantasy, as I don't know if you're into women or not. If so, how about some pictures of you and the lovely Chloe from last month's edition doing a strip and helping each other undress. It would be such a turn-on.

(Mrs M.W., Bootle)

Offended? Absolutely no way! It's always a thrill for me to receive sexy letters from my female readers and the fantasy

you describe, I must confess, did some highly unusual things to me! I will confess to having some experience of women in my time, but then I think there's a little bit of Sappho in all us girls, don't you? The image of lesbianism has got something of a bad reputation over the years, with these strident types demanding that if you enjoy making love to a woman you should somehow go all the way and try to be like a man. A woman can still be feminine and enjoy the passionate caresses of a member of the same sex as well as enjoying the attentions of those hairy brutes we call men. Sex is to be enjoyed, not used as some sort of political thing in my opinion and whatever suits both partners involved is always fine. Thanks for your lovely letter!

Love Camilla XXX

Dear Camilla: I am one of many men in this country who worship women with large breasts. Your magazine has often had women with unfeasibly large chests (this is one of the reasons why I

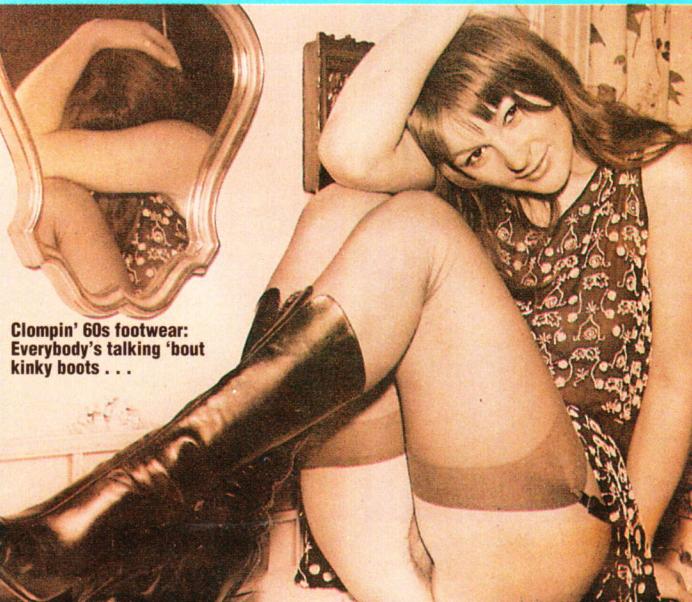
Maid for Pleasure:
Oh-la bloomin'-la!



deepest Wales as reader G.C. of Ton Pentre got down to some serious porny archeology in the attic (actually 'a large packing case that's been sitting in the cellar since 1968') and dug up these candid snaps of the various under-dressed fillies you see here. Of their actual origin, old



'G' is rather uncertain, claiming that he thinks they might be French birds as he remembers purchasing a sizeable quantity of 'artistic' photographs while following the Welsh rugby team to Paris in the Sixties, in the course of which excursion he fondly recalls 'a most erotic experience'



Clompin' 60s footwear:
Everybody's talking 'bout
kinky boots . . .



involving two young ladies named Michelle and Dominique, whom I had the good fortune to

SMUT IN THE ATTIC

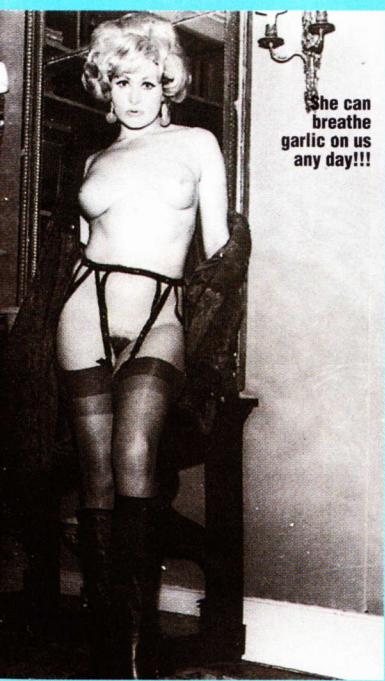
And once again the stout yeomen of the MO readership roll back the Roc-Wool and unearth that bygone beaver to share with those of us who always thought that hottie looked sexier in black and white . . .

Some fevered smut-hunting's been going down this month in



continually buy your publication), yet looking back through past issues I have noticed that these women are less frequent than I had previously thought. This is why I'm writing this letter to you.

I would like to see more massive mammarys. Not just 40 inch double D stuff, I mean really large women like Busty Dusty, Platinum Peaks, Wendy Weapons and Tiffany Towers.



encounter on the Rue St Denis just after the match.' He thinks this also might be the reason he can't for the life of him remember whether or not Wales won the bloody game.

We like a history with your smut and, come to think of it, we also like the smut itself, especially when, as in the case of G.C.'s contributions they perfectly fit the MO criteria of vintage smut par excellence. Consider, if you will, fellow connoisseurs, the grainy black and white photography, the guileless expressions of the models, the stunning hairstyles of yesteryear and the frankly mind-boggling footwear on show. Yes, this is what we call smut!

How about a few pages devoted to these goddesses of mammary perfection every now and then or even a poster of a few of them or perhaps even a special magazine devoted entirely to humongous tits.

So how about it?
(T.F., Devon)

Well, no one could accuse you of not speaking your mind, could they? Rather like yourself, I enjoy looking at large-chested women, too (I suppose likes attract!), though in recent times I'm not so sure if some of these girls aren't going a little too far with the enhancement of their bosoms – I mean, how can some of them possibly stand up? As to the lack of top-heavy girls in the magazine recently, well, I couldn't say the likes of Taylor or a few of the girls in the 'Private Parts' section have been under-endowed! However, as we say in the publishing biz, watch this space!

Love, Camilla XXX

Dear Camilla: I have just finished reading all the letters etc. in the latest Men Only and I have to admit that, yet again I couldn't stop looking over your column again and again. My girlfriend Rhona can't resist a wee peek either! So far she hasn't had a sexual experience with another woman, but I'm sure she would like to. I don't think it is fair that someone who is so adored by Men Only readers has to be content with little tiny pictures! Okay, you get your own pages and get to reply to your fans, but you're not exactly 'small', are you? So why shouldn't you get some more space?

I haven't had a look at that photo yet without getting hard immediately and if Rhona's not there I can't resist making myself come right there and then! Fantasising about you has become a daily occurrence for me since seeing you in Men Only. Breasts. Now there's a subject I could talk about for hours. Rhona is quite a big girl, although she admits herself that she would

CAMILLA'S THRILLER

Okay, Camilla fans! It's that time of the month again where one lucky reader gets his dream come true courtesy of that trouser-tenting spot we call Camilla's Thriller . . .

Dear Camilla: I've been a fan of yours 100% ever since your first appearance in Men Only and since the powers that be won't permit your thousands of fans a proper set of you displaying your charms I've had to cut out every picture of you that has appeared in Men Only since your debut and put them all in a special book that is my most treasured possession. I look through it all the time and it never fails to cheer me up even when I'm completely down. Just a glimpse of that beautiful smile of yours and, of course, your simply heavenly figure makes me realise that life isn't as bad as I thought. I explode with passion while fantasising about you and imagining it is your smooth hands helping me to my climax I feel so much happier with life. Words cannot express how great you make me feel and I cannot thank you enough for that. As a 73 year old duffer who's travelled the world in the merchant navy I've had me many a beautiful woman from Oriental girls to Latin American lovelies but none of them were as beautiful or as attractive as your heavenly self. It must be the case, as there's very few women who can help an old boy like me 'rise to the occasion' as it were!

What would make my collection complete, Camilla, would be to possess a picture of your beautiful self posing in the manner of the old time 'glamour

love to have your shape. I wouldn't mind either! I can talk about boobs for hours but when I look at yours I am totally speechless. They are amazing! Okay, I have seen much larger breasts, but it's not just the size that turns me on, it's shape and it's the firmness and the nipples that count. And you have the best

girls' that so excited me in my younger days. In other words, how about a classical pose that shows off your splendid figure to its full potential? Rest assured, that would make this old chap's 'old chap' give the full 21-gun salute!

(J.L., Chatham)

I can hardly say how delighted I am to know the pleasure my appearances give you and hope you continue to enjoy my column for many long years to come! As to your request, well, how about this saucy pose? Those glamour girls of yore certainly knew how to give their best for the camera and they've always been a brilliant inspiration for me ever since I took up modelling, especially the kind of girls we feature in our 'Smut In The Attic' feature. They knew how to wear a pair of high heels, didn't they? Hope the picture suits your desires and all the best!

Lots of love, Camilla XXX

I've seen anywhere. I'd love to spend hours touching your boobs. I would suck and bite and tickle them until you came! I know all this is corny and you've heard it all before, but we guys can't help it. You are the best, Camilla, please don't give up your career! I'll just have to continue to fantasise about you coming on my 'column' rather than me coming on yours for a change.

(A.A., Glasgow)

How nice to hear from you and your lovely girlfriend again! I can hardly forget your previous letter as it was very naughty in the extreme (and incredibly long, too!), but it gives yours truly a wicked little tingle to know you're still appreciating my column every month, and if I help pep up you and your girlfriend's sex life, well, where's the harm in that? You sound like ever such a nice couple and I hope you continue to have many lovely bonks as a result of looking through my piccies for a long time to come!

Love, Camilla XXX







marie

MEN ONLY 79





Now Marie's the kind of girl we'd all willingly allow to take up residence in that small spare room at the top of the house – you know, the one with the creaky bed, the framed pictures of long-deceased relatives on the wall and the intriguing array of devious appliances in the bottom drawer of the dresser. Well, she's that kind of girl – warm-hearted, friendly and studious in a two-years studying at the Sorbonne kind of way. She's the type who'd spend her time in the said room writing some highly-intelligent treatise on male sexuality in the Nineties, using your good self, naturally, as a case study. When she's not tapping away at the typewriter and chain smoking Gitanes, she's more than likely to be sprawled across the bed with Mahler playing full-blast while she pampers her smooth-skinned 35B-23-34 frame with a variety of erotic unguents designed primarily to drive any carbon-based life form within a 100 yards into paroxysms of sexual frenzy. Which is probably the reason the wife (58FF-45-51) decided to adorn the door of the said upstairs room with the entire contents of the Yale catalogue . . .



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With Me
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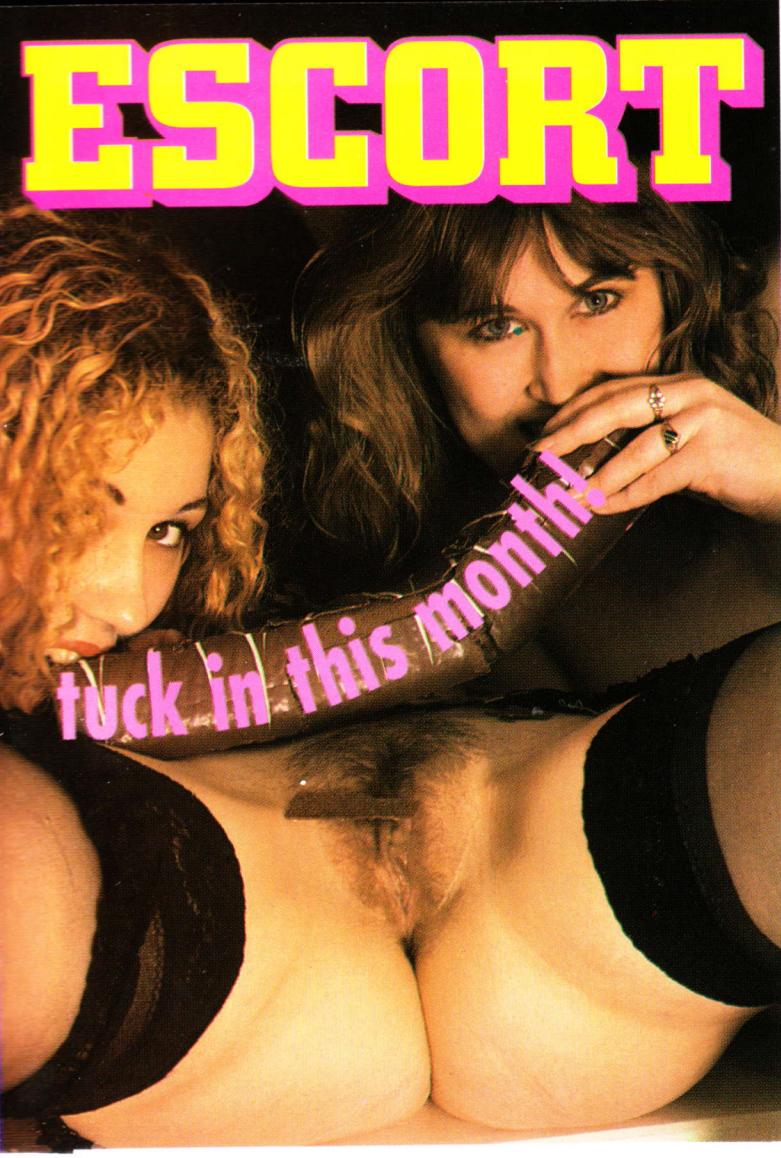
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Due to the state of the economy, I've knocked my suppliers' heads together and they have come up with some very special deals—including some **FREE SEX**—to put the smile back on your face.

These very special bargains—free and almost free—are so cheap that I feel I must stress that they are all top-quality products that usually sell at many times these incredible offer prices.

Go on, forget the bad news of the nineties and get your hands on some free sex today!

Meet a mate in these magazines

I HAVE four contact mags available. **RESPONSE** (£64 pages, £7.50), **JET SCENE** (£4.95), **UNITE** (£2.50) and **CONFIDENTIALLY YOURS** (£2.50).

They normally retail at £17.49, but you can have all **FOUR** for a **FIVER**. Mail order add £2 P&P. These mags contain indirect and direct contacts—hundreds of phone numbers of models, masseuses and escorts from all over the UK.

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I would stress that these magazines feature adverts from ladies looking for a purely sexual relationship. If you're looking for a long-term relationship, try our *Lonely Hearts* column.

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If you want to pick them up, they are entirely FREE at the addresses listed—but the shop chain concerned are only interested in serious customers, so to get the three free mags in their shops you must take along this feature and spend £5 or more on other goods they have on sale.

But as I said before, on mail order they're a super FREE deal.



Uncertificated sampler video

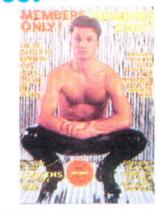
THE very hardest sampler video available in the UK for just £3.95—not it's not a joke. The manufacturers have found a loophole in the law, so this video is totally uncensored by the BBFC—a truly hardcore video. Full of explicit close-up shots of the hottest adult action.

A very special video at a very special price, £3.95 mail order, add £1.05 P&P—only available on VHS.



One for the ladies!

BIG MAGS, big boys, big fun, big bargains! Get her two of the hardest female-oriented mags at the softest of prices. The biggest boys in the most explicit poses. They sell in Soho for up to £16—but I can offer them both to you for only £3.50—mail order add £1.05 P&P, that's £3.50 for BOTH. Not £3.50 each.



Incredible sex video

YES, it's true—I am offering you a top-quality XXX video for only £1.95. Packed with all that is best in Scandinavian Adult Action. I can guarantee you wouldn't be disappointed if you had paid the standard £26 plus in London's Soho for this sort of film, but as I'm asking only £1.95 + £1.05 p&p, it's a bargain not to be missed.

TRINE'S TOP 10

Dear Readers,
I have scanned Europe for the hottest, sexiest sex talk and imported it to the UK just for you. Hard and explicit and guaranteed to get you off!
Lesbian Sexual Relief ... 2 girls at it 0338 416 569
Deep Throat Specialist 0338 416 524
Tight fit for a quick release 0338 418 969
Feel my stocking tops ... Whilst I do it 0338 416 591
Miss Stern will humiliate you 0338 418 949
Posh A.. wants C.P. 0338 418 953
Get into my stockings ... rub me up 0338 418 982
Strip off my rubber mac 0338 418 920
Overseas Sex Line ... For instant relief 0338 418 935
Instant Oral Relief (no intro) 0338 416 520

Scam Call, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London, E17 4NE. Calls charged at 36p per minute, cheap rate and 48p per minute at all other times.

CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE 081-534 8855 24HR
Telephone for immediate processing of your order

HOW TO GET YOURS

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Dept. MO. 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

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<input type="checkbox"/> FREE VIBRO (Mail order add £1 p&p)	<input type="checkbox"/> SAMPLER VIDEO £3.95 (VHS) (Mail order add £1.05 p&p)
<input type="checkbox"/> 3 FREE SEX MAGS (Mail order add £2 p&p)	<input type="checkbox"/> SEX VIDEO £1.95 (VHS) (Mail order add £1.05 p&p)
<input type="checkbox"/> LOVE EWE £8.95 (Mail order add £2.05 p&p)	<input type="checkbox"/> 2 LADIES' MAGS £3.50 (Mail order add £1.05 p&p)
<input type="checkbox"/> 4 CONTACT MAGS £5 (Mail order add £2 p&p)	<input type="checkbox"/> SAMANTHA FUN DOLL £9.95 (Mail order add £3.05 p&p)

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.
I am over 18.

Signed _____

ALL these super bargains are at VERY SPECIAL PRICES that CAN NOT be repeated.

In response to your letters, I've "screwed" (not literally) our suppliers into the ground to get you these deals.

I hope you like them and that you take advantage of these genuine bargains.

Order mail order by filling in the coupon (right)... or you can save the P&P by calling in at the listed stockists.

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm). Prices or offers shown are for mail order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase.

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photographs by john stuart





modern communication technology has a lot going for it (although I can't think of anything at the moment), but it has one dire disadvantage. Computers have displaced the secretary. And with her the secretarial villages of Esher, Wimbledon, Basildon and Weighbridge. Once bustling happy centres of secretarial culture, they are now empty lifeless places. The giant photo-copying machines, once a symbol of a proud industry, stand idle on the village green, Gestetners rot on the rubbish tips, lever arch files clutter the gutters and the attractive display of letters in triplicate on blue, buff and white bank paper hang, grimy and torn from the trees. The knock on effect has devastated the shops in the old secretarial areas. Where once nail varnish, cotton buds, deodorants and cans of Boss-off aerosol tear gas sold by the case, there are now





boarded up chemists shops, between which a few disorientated ex-secretaries wander mumbling the mantra of their trade: "I'm sorry Mr Fink is in a meeting".

The greatest loss of all, of course, are the great secretarial skills. How to make a man feel good about himself, how to soothe his fevered brow, and how to sit on the desk showing your stocking tops and knickers and pretending to take down a letter in shorthand while thinking about the significance of the rising aspect of Uranus in your star sign.

Luckily there are a few secretaries left who understand the finer skills. Like Lisa here, a five-star sec, who has survived because she is able to wiggle her bum at 1500 bumps a minute, and you don't find many computers that can do that (32B-21-36). **mg**



NEXT MONTH IN

MEN ONLY



LET ME MAKE IT GO TWANG!!!

Attention men! Meet deliciously curvy Carla, a loveable lass with naughty needs. Her fiendish

aim is to stretch to breaking point the underpants elastic of every red blooded chap in the land, causing nationwide outbreaks of crotch-bulge syndrome, groinal clench and whirling bum flutter. To discover if your M&S Trendytrews Tartan Posing Pouchette will take the strain, harass your newsagent for our next gusset defying issue while allowing the usual six feet of frontal clearance. Men Only

Vol: 59, No: 1 on sale Thursday 6th January 1994 - the year of the Bendy Banana.

blah!

continued from page 64

hours, yours truly coming lots of times on their rigidly erect cocks. The action shifted from the bed to a chair and finally a table, with Pedro up me, my ankles round his neck and my head bent over so that I could suck Alfredo. It was all too much for Alfredo. He shouted and began to shoot his load, most of it over my face. Seeing that, Pedro came too, half inside me, the rest (and there

nuts just jerking off over a mental image of her huge tits.

However, one morning she caught me at it! I'd cracked the covers off and was aiming at the ceiling as I wanked when I saw her standing over me.

There I was, my swollen cock in hand, and there she was looking ever so nice in a sensible skirt and blouse. I thought she'd go crazy. But all she said was: "let me do that!"

She took my cock in her hand and started to move it up



"Hello Big Boy! Here to empty your sacks?"

was lots) over my belly, stocking tops and bush. After a break, the guys wanted more. I got on my knees and sucked Pedro off, swallowing his come. Alfredo insisted on shagging me from the rear and depositing his cock cream all over my arse. Covered in sperm, my stockings and undies wrecked, I must have looked quite a sight. After a shower and a last drink, I went home with a very nice little bundle of £50 notes in my bag and, I must admit, really satisfied. Now I'm hoping for some more threesomes, or maybe even a session with three or four guys. Getting paid to have the orgasms of your life sure isn't bad.

D.A.,
Hounslow.

Semen Seminar

Sir: I love your magazine, but I do wish you would print more pictures of the mature woman. I'm a 22 year old student and I learned all I know about sex from my middle-aged landlady. Mrs B is exceptional I suppose, she has huge 38' tits (I've measured them!) and a lovely big bottom.

I'd fancied her ever since I moved into my lodgings, and I gave myself a dose of lovers

and down. I was so frightened that nothing happened.

"Just wait there", said Mrs B "and I'll make you come like you've never come before."

I waited, half fearful, half hopeful, hardly believing she'd return. But she did – wearing six inch heels, black stockings, red panties and suspenders with a peek-a-boo bra!

"Now we'll see", she said, as she bent over me.

It didn't take much. She knelt on the bed, her head bobbing as she took all of my eight inch stonker into her mouth.

I was in ecstasy. I had my hands on her big buttocks under her panties and I could smell her pussy juices through the sheer nylon. I pulled them down and she straddled me, pressing her hot wet slit against my sucking lips – her huge thighs crushing as she came into my willing mouth.

I was still hard. She rolled over until I was on top of her and folded my cock between her huge hard tits. "Fuck my boobs!" she demanded. And I did, feeling her big nipples rubbing my thighs as I came.

Since then she's taught me every sexual act. So more mature women please!

J.E.,
Torquay.

**HEAR ME MASTURBATE
TO A FRENZIED CLIMAX
0338 409 481**

**I'LL SWALLOW
IT ALL
0338 409 417**

**TAKE ME
FROM BEHIND
0338
409 442**

**10" DILDO UP ME
0338 409 407**

**SPREAD MY LEGS
AND COME INSIDE
0338 409 464**

**WANK OVER MY BODY
0338 409 431**

**2 GIRLS, ONE LICKS
YOUR BALLS WHILE THE
OTHER GIVES YOU HEAD
0338 409 454**

**REMOVE MY KNICKERS
AND SHAFT ME
0338 409 422**

**SLIDE INTO MY
SHAVEN FANNY
0338 409 405**

**2 GIRLS LICKING TO CLIMAX
0338 409 498**

ABSOLUTE FILTH 0338 409 448

SPANNING

**THE CANE FOR JANE
0338 409 436**

**OVER SIRS DESK
0338 409 425**

**KNICKERS DOWN
SMACK SMACK
0338 409 491**

**CORRECTION
FOR MALES
SNIFF MY
KNICKERS
WHILE I
THRASH YOU
0338 409 451**

**MAN ON MAN
ON GIRL
0338 409 445**

**CREAM MY BOTTOM
0338 409 423**

**WARM GOLDEN SHOWER
0338 409 478**

**SMELL THEN WEAR
MY KNICKERS
0338 409 426**

**SAMANTHA STRIP SEARCHED
0338 409 412**

EROS PO BOX 1823 N18 Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate and 48p per minute at all other times

LIVE EXPLICIT SEX RECORDINGS SENT IN BY READERS

FROM JILL HAVING SEX WITH HER BOYFRIEND 0338 418 811

SARAH (ESSEX) A VIRGIN BREAKING HERSELF IN WITH A DILDO 0338 418 895

42 YEAR OLD HOUSEWIFE FINGERING HER FANNY 0338 418 810

FROM A YOUNG LADY STRIPPING AND WANKING HERSELF OFF 0338 418 897

SUE AND LYNN (CAMBRIDGE) PRODUCED THIS REAL LESBIAN SEX RECORDING 0338 418 806

GIRL (18) RECORDED HAVING SEX WITH COUPLE NEXT DOOR 0338 418 803

FROM TWO LESBIAN STUDENTS RECORDED IN 69 POSITION 0338 418 898

18 YEAR OLD UNDERGRADUATE (BOURNEMOUTH) MASTERBATING AND SCREAMING TO ORGASM 0338 418 801

READERS CONFESSIONS
A VARIETY OF SEXUAL ACTS DESCRIBED VIVIDLY BY OUR INTERVIEWEES
0338 418 814

RECORDED BY DEVOTEES OF DISCIPLINE...

YOUNG NAKED HOUSEWIFE (LEEDS) SPANNED BY STRICT HUSBAND 0338 418 807

18 YEAR OLD GIRL SPANNED AND F*CKED BY OLDER SISTER'S BOYFRIEND 0338 418 899

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0860 469 737
24
HOURS**

**I'LL SATISFY YOUR
STIFFY IN A JIFFY**

**ALL MAJOR
CREDIT CARDS
ACCEPTED**

**Grab My Tits And Shaft My Hole
0338 421 103**

**RAM IT UP MY FANNY
0338 421 112**

**DEBBIE MASTURBATES SALLY
0338 421 118**

**I'LL SUCK YOU DRY
0338 421 135**

**SHAVE MY PUSSY
0338 421 132**

**THE SLUTLINE
0338 421 199**

**I'M BENDING OVER FOR YOUR DICK
0338 421 141**

**RAM IT UP MY FANNY
0338 421 112**

**I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0338 421 120**

**THROB IN MY MOUTH
0338 421 134**

**PART MY LIPS AND INSERT
0338 421 136**

**I USE MY DILDO IN EVERY HOLE
0338 421 140**

**WORSHIP MY STILETTOS
0338 421 138**

**MATRON ADMINISTERS MEDICAL
0338 421 153**

**SARAH AND CLAIRE W*NK YOU
0338 421 137**

**69 GIRL ACTION
0338 421 111**

**VIRGIN MASTERBATING
0338 421 139**

**IN MY TIGHT HOLE
0338 421 151**

**SUE LICKS JANE WHILE JANE LICKS YOU
0338 421 184**

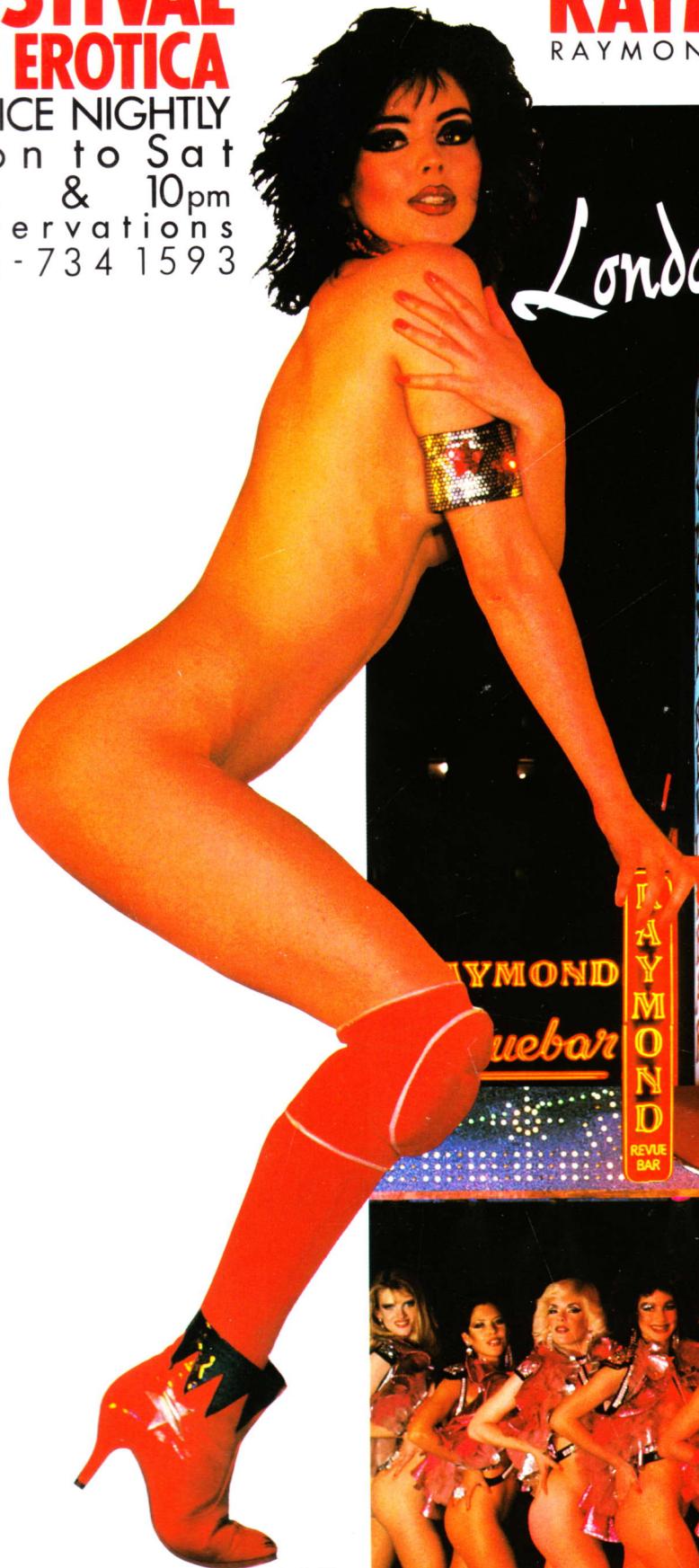
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